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Editor-in-Chief **Dirk Steenekamp**

Associate Editor **Jason Fleetwood**

Graphic Designer **Siphokazi Masele**

Fashion Editor **Lexie Robb**

Grooming Editor **Greg Forbes**

Gaming Editor **Andre Coetzer**

Tech Editor **Peter Wolff**

Illustrations **Toon53 Productions**

Motoring Editor **John Page**

Social and Digital Media Manager **Samantha Jack**

Senior Photo Editor **Luba V Nel**

ADVERTISING SALES **pieter@dhsmedia.co.za**

for more information

PHONE: +27 10 006 0051
MAIL: PO Box 71450, Bryanston, Johannesburg, South Africa, 2021
ADDRESS: First Floor Block 6 Fourways Office Park, Cnr Roos Street & Fourways Boulevard, 2191
EMAIL: info@dhsmedia.co.za
WEB: www.playboymagaustralia.com
FACEBOOK: facebook.com/Playboy-Australia
INSTAGRAM: playboymag_africa

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Hugh M. Hefner, FOUNDER

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Ariel Dorfman
Dorfman's background is as fascinating as his fiction. The Argentine Chilean American playwright, activist and author of the celebrated play *Death and the Maiden* first contributed to playboy in 2010. In his powerful short story *What She Saw*, Dorfman explores love, secrets and what it's like to be held prisoner by your past.

Brian B Hayes
An internationally renowned photographer whose work is published worldwide. Brian is mostly known for his glamour style photography. With over 25 years of shooting gorgeous models Brian's work has graced the covers of top men's magazines worldwide. Brian also publishes a series of glamour calendars which are best sellers every year. You can find his work at BrianBHayes.com.

Brian J Karem
Karem's insistence on open discourse has led the CNN analyst everywhere from *America's Most Wanted* to the White House, where he regularly goes head-to-head with Sarah Huckabee Sanders. In *Senator Flake vs the New Normal*, he reports on the days before and after the US Republican announced that he would not seek re-election.

Felisha Tolentino
Photographer Tolentino got her start assisting Mark "Cobrasnake" Hunter and shooting celebrity portraits for *Nylon*. Featuring everyone from SZA to Miguel, her portfolio reads like a cool-kid who's who. For *Let's Play*, she captured Tove Lo's crazy, sexy vibe to a playlist "that had the whole crew dancing", she says. "It felt like shooting a friend."

Jonathan Tasini
In *Coming to (Mid)Terms*, Tasini, who sat down with Bernie Sanders for the November 2013 *Playboy Interview*, explains what will be at stake in the 2018 US mid-term elections, when voters determine America's legislative and judicial DNA for the following four years. His new book, *Resist and Rebel*, is out in February.

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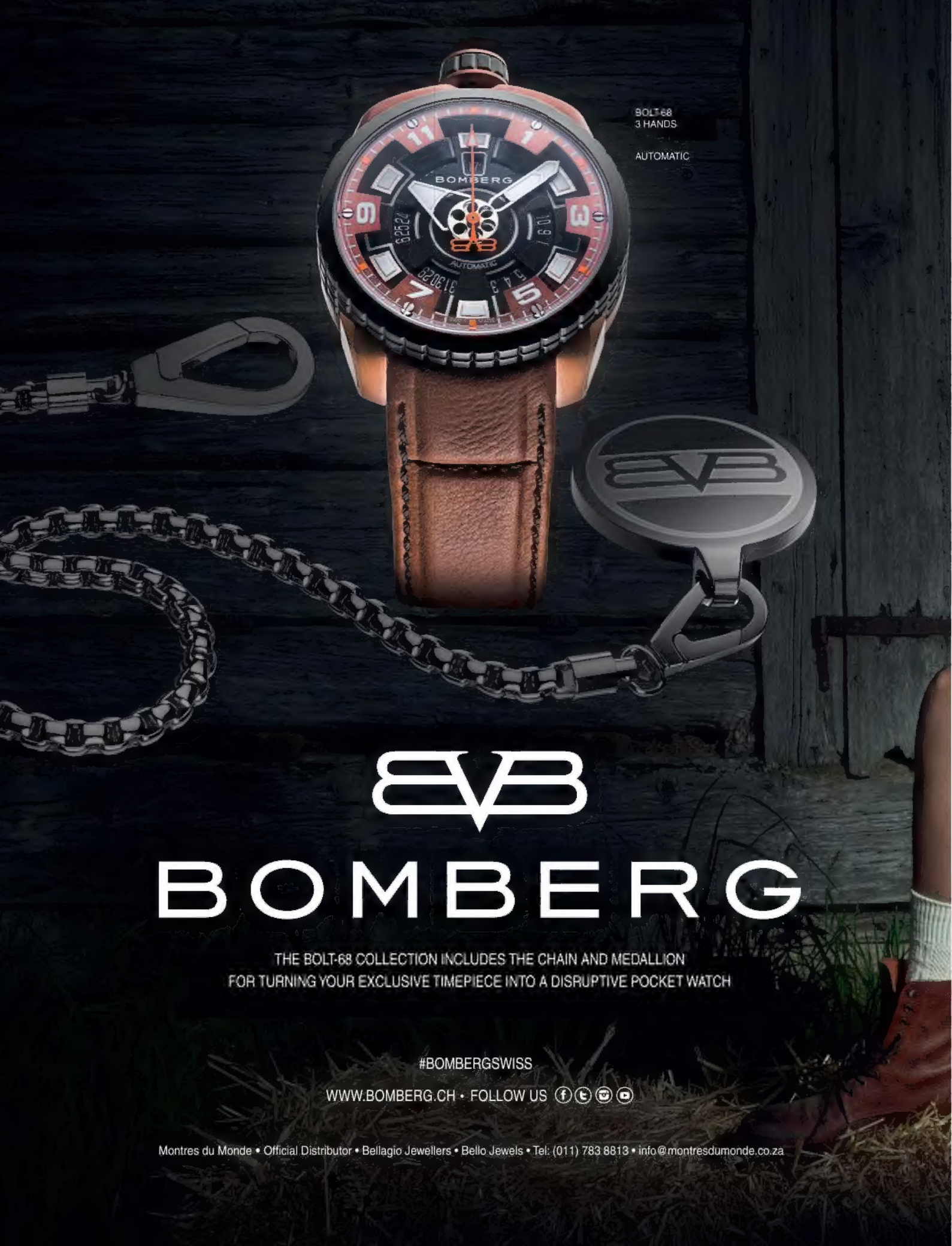
ON THE COVER *Anastasia Doll, photography by Bruce Colero*

No 2 February 2018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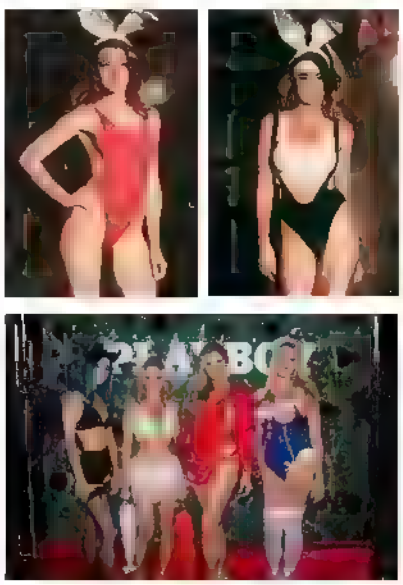
BURTON MORRIS RETHINKS THE RABBIT

Last fall, Burton Morris became the latest in a long line of pop artists-including Andy Warhol and Keith Haring-to put his own spin on our Rabbit Head. The resulting exhibit, titled Painting Playboy Burton Morris and held at Taglialatella Galleries in Manhattan's Chelsea neighbourhood, featured no fewer than 64 unique versions of our ubiquitous logo. Burton, who has taken on such globe-spanning brands as Coca-Cola, Chanel and Ford, created his Rabbit pieces using everything from spray paint to diamond dust. On November 9 the gallery hosted a packed opening reception with a guest list that included Playboy Chief Creative Officer Cooper Hefner, CEO Ben Kohn and a pair of Playmates.

Halloween in Vegas and a Fashion Show at Playboy HQ

Our 2017 Halloween party-TAO Las Vegas Presents Playboy's Haunted Fantasy-was definitely one for the ages. A bevvy of costumed Playmates, a searing set by DJ Wellman and a frighteningly sexy costume contest were among the highlights at the Venetian that night Some of the more eye-catching costumes had a sneaky Playboy signature· Last fall we teamed up with apparel brand Yandy for a series of fun and unapologetically hot Halloween ensembles, including Go-Go Bunny, Disco Bunny and the totally tubular 1980s Workout Bunny. (Believe it or not, this was also the first time Playboy had ever participated in an official costume based on the Bunny outfit.) The collection launched just before Halloween with a steamy invite-only fashion show at Playboy central in Beverly Hills.



Good Worth Cooks Up More Playboy Swag

Playboy partnered with cheeky clothing and accessories brand Good Worth & Co for a holiday collection that includes screen-printed Rabbit Head shirts (pictured above on Riley Hawk).

PLAYMATES SALUTE AMERICAN ARMED SERVICES

This past Veterans Day we thought we'd give our readers- and all fighting men and women-a little something extra. With the help of nine Playmates, we put together a pinup-style shoot that pays tribute to four branches of the US armed forces. Here, Kristy Garett (February 2016), Summer Altice (August 2000) and Michelle McLaughlin (February 2008) salute the Air Force and the Navy

Cooper Hefner Named to Forbes List

Congratulations are in order for Playboy Chief Creative Officer Cooper Hefner, who was chosen for the exclusive *Forbes 30* Under 30 list for 2018. The 26-year-old, who rejoined the company in 2016, is no stranger to accolades for his efforts to return nudity to the magazine and to revitalise the Playboy brand. In September 2017, Hefner was also named to *Folio's* Change-makers list.

West LA Vets Get Some Very Special Visitors

As we do every Veterans Day, Playboy sent a delegation of Playmates-Inna Voronina (January 2001), Carly Lauren (October 2013), Raquel Pomplun (PMOY 2013) and Alison Waite (May 2006) - to the West Los Angeles VA Medical Center, where they met with roughly 250 veterans. Selfies were snapped, head shots were signed and plenty of goodwill was shared between our Playmates and the hospital's resident heroes-whom we commend now and year-round.

TOVE LO

Swedish pop singer-songwriter Tove Lo is incapable of self-censorship, we've seen this since she first emerged, in 2013, with the addictive single "Habits (Stay High)". She has spent the past four years conquering ever-larger stages, often with only glitter covering her nipples, kitting out her house-infused synth pop with unfiltered lyrics about sex, drugs and hard-won self-discovery. The result: a bracing new paradigm of how women in pop can present themselves. In addition to co-writing for artists including Lorde, Nick Jonas and Ellie Goulding, Lo takes charge behind the scenes, funding her own films to accompany 2016's *Lady Wood* album. That title, by the way, is a female twist on the male anatomy; her new album, *Blue Lips*, is another cheeky reversal. Both suggest insatiable appetites-a theme borne out by the new album's lead single, "Disco Tits", whose video depicts Lo in flagrante with a yellow bugeyed puppet. Therein lies a key weapon in her arsenal. "It's rare to make fun of female sexuality", she says. "Naked dudes in movies can be sexy or funny, but not women. I like to play with that." Having recently turned 30, with new music and a new love in the mix, Lo feels reborn. "I made it to this!" she says with a laugh

"I'm whole." Eve *Barlow*

Photography by
FELISHA TOLENTINO

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Drawn DATA

POUR VOUS, Mon Cheri

$18.2 BILLION: estimated total annual Valentine's Day–related spending in the U.S. (roughly $137 per person)

$16 BILLION: estimated value of Valentine's chocolate shipped within the U.S. in 2015

Holy Hallmark

145 MILLION: estimated number of Valentine's Day cards purchased in the U.S. annually—second only to Christmas cards

1,500: number of Hallmark V-Day card varieties

Love and MARRIAGE

119 TO 100: ratio of single men to single women in their 20s in the U.S.

2 MILLION: estimated number of weddings in the U.S. each year (some 6,000 a day)

#GOALS

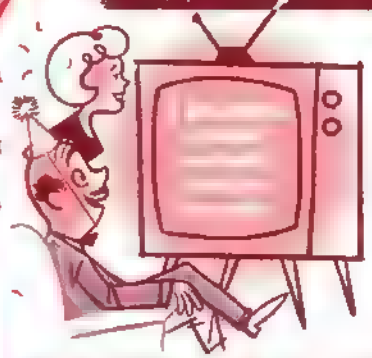
TOP FIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS:

5. Travel
4. Save more money
3. Enjoy life
2. Get organized
1. Get fit

FUN With PUNXSUTAWNEY

1887: year that February 2 became the holiday affectionately known as Groundhog Day

NYE in NYC

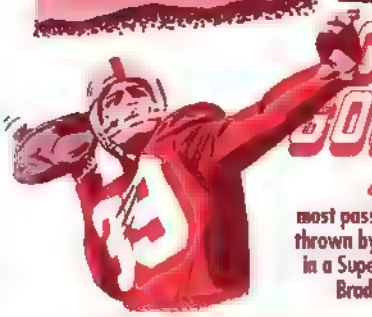


1 MILLION: number of people expected in Times Square on December 31

6,000+: number of NYPD officers on duty in the 42nd Street vicinity on New Year's Eve

$0: cover charge to get into Times Square

$400: cover charge for the Olive Garden NYE party



GOING LONG, GOING STRONG

466: most passing yards ever thrown by a quarterback in a Super Bowl—Tom Brady in 2017

166 MILLION: pounds of chicken wings consumed by Americans on Super Bowl Sunday

BALLS IN THE AIR

2,688: number of crystals on the Big Apple's New Year's Eve ball

32,256: number of LEDs illuminating the ball

11,875 POUNDS: weight of the ball

7: number of different incarnations of the ball since it debuted in 1907

BULL! FOOTBALLS ARE MADE FROM COWHIDE, NOT PIGSKIN.

Super SOCIAL

175.5 MILLION: number of U.S. Facebook interactions about Super Bowl LI

62% of them were by women; **42%** by fans under the age of 35

BRENER JOHNSON Says MIX IT UP!

28% of surveyed Americans say they typically use two positions each time they have sex; **7%** say they use five positions or more.

...BUT BEWARE

41: percentage of broken penises that occurred during doggy-style sex

26: percentage of broken penises caused by missionary-style sex

WE HAVE LIFTOFF

1 IN 10: people who have had sex in an airport, according to a Jetcost survey; **17%** of respondents said they were caught in the act.

JUST SAY WHOA!

alarm clocks, highlighters, graphic calculators, gaming consoles and... **TEDDY BEARS**

HERE COMES THE NIGHTCAP

From coast to coast -a
cocktail is enjoyi
Here, we spotlight a en
jockeys who are
four pillar of postprandial

A AKKAM

FEBRUARY 201

AMARO

If Campari is the ideal Italian overture to dinner, then Amaro is the finale; the bittersweet liqueur is a stomach settler that shines beautifully in cocktails

• Fernet-Branca is one of the most revered names in the category, and a float of it crowns the Howling Owl at the Pass & Provisions in Houston, USA. Bartender Patrick Dougherty's wintry revamp of the piña colada includes absinthe, Coco López cream of coconut, pineapple and lime juices, and turbinado sugar.

• At the Washington DC ramen joint Toki Underground, the best way to come down from your noodle high is with the Aviato from Chris Chapman-Shakra, who oversees the bar program. In this agave-centric ode to the boulevardier cocktail, Fidencio mezcal, Bitter Truth Golden Falernum liqueur and habañero shrub mingle with Chapman-Shakra's amaro of choice: Cappelletti's smoky Sfumato Rabarbaro, made with Chinese rhubarb.

• To lend dark, chocolaty undertones to the drink known as the Pavement Artist, Patrick Halloran, bar manager of Henrietta Red in Nashville, reaches for Amaro Nardini. Plantation Grande Réserve Barbados five-year-old rum is washed with brown butter filched from the restaurant's pastry station and blended with Punt e Mes, orange and chocolate bitters, and a pinch of salt. Pro tip: Let it sit for a minute or two so that its slightly warm state elicits what Halloran calls "a crazy chocolate chip cookie dough nose".

TEA

An all-natural relaxant, tea makes a lovely addition to calming after- dinner cocktails

• The base of proprietor Kenta Goto's malty Hojicha Milk Punch at Bar Goto in New York is Japanese rice vodka invigorated by a jolt of earthiness from hojicha (roasted green tea), mixed with cream and shaken with ice.

• Chamomile, in mixed and muted form, is the star of Thomas Waugh's tea-inspired drink of the same name at the Pool Lounge in midtown Manhattan. He infuses Wild Turkey 101 rye with the mild tea and then, for a modern spin on the old pal cocktail, pairs it with Campari and swaps out the vermouth for St-Germain. "Honestly, rye and chamomile is an unlikely flavor combination, but it works," Waugh says. "Rye doesn't have a lot of pretty notes, so it benefits from the light, floral, soft flavor."

DESSERT

Sometimes the purpose of the after-dinner cocktail is to stand in for, say, a stupefying slab of fudgy cake

• Kate Gerwin, who runs the bar at Front & Cooper at Abbott Square Market in Santa Cruz, California, makes her Evergreenes drink with local Mutari chocolate, chicory, Dolin Genepy and Fernet-Branca, capped with raspberry preserves and truffle cream.

• At the Korean restaurant Oiji in New York, head bartender Ryan Te prepares the honey buttered rum, an upgrade of the holiday favourite, with a slew of rums, Cynar, lemon juice, Dolin Blanc vermouth, cayenne-cinnamon powder and an apple sabayon float.

• The Share the Pear at Péché in Austin is a lowproof adult milkshake that bar manager Shaun Meglen blends from Osborne fino sherry, St George spiced pear liqueur and house-made vanilla ice cream.

HOT TODDY

With its predictable mélange of booze, water and honey, this seasonal stalwart has tended to bore-until now

• Bar manager Colin Carroll of Trifecta Tavern in Portland, Oregon offers a dazzling outlier with a drink called No Fixed Destination. Served in an Irish-coffee mug and topped with apple cider, it rests on a foundation of Laird's applejack, Portland's own scorpion-chile-spiked Bee Local Hot Honey and Krogstad aquavit for a spark of brightness.

• Subtle fiery appeal awaits at the Walker Inn in Los Angeles, home of the Heat Miser. Co-owner Devon Tarby infuses Elijah Craig 12-year-old bourbon with Thai chile and then melds it with Luxardo Amaro Abano, Alexander Jules amontillado, Fuji apple juice, Grade B maple syrup, verjuice and salt. For a shockingly chilly contrast, she accompanies it with apple ice wine ice cream. (That's not a typo; we're talking about ice cream made from apple ice wine.)

• Estelle Bossy, head bartender of Del Posto in New York, had Victorian Christmas puddings and pomanders on her mind when she dreamed up the Blessed Thistle. Italian liqueur Cynar is heightened by the addition of Laird's apple brandy, Drambuie, lime and salt. Building on the artichoke in the Cynar, Bossy decided to "double down on the floral theme" with a spiced hibiscus tea. That last ingredient is both tart and high in vitamin C, making it, in Bossy's words, "perfect for a cold-weather dram".

Kimberley
ANN

Hey, I'm Kimberley, I'm 28 and from the UK. I travel worldwide as a freelance photographer... so I'm actually more used to shooting half-naked girls rather than being the one in front of the lens!

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?
Of course, I was stoked to shoot for you guys! This is for sure one of the coolest publications I've shot for. I was like a kid at Christmas being asked to do this.

Describe yourself in one sentence.
I own a human skull! (And I'm not talking about the red-haired covered one on these pictures.) Her name is Marge, she lived her fleshy years in the Victorian days.

What are some of your hobbies?
I own two mini me's, I don't have a lot of time for hobbies. When I get 5 minutes of freedom I love running and working out - the only thing that keeps me sane. One day though I'd love to own a Harley... so my future hobby life is potentially looking a little faster and more interesting than a pair of running trainers.

What is your biggest turn on?
Biggest turn on... just someone who's got their stuff together... who knows where they want to go, and what they want out of life. And obviously a sense of humour. If you can make me cry and snort with laughter at the same time... you win!

What turns you off the most?
Man-baby and ego... ego is an absolute killer.

Describe to us your perfect date.
My perfect date!?... I hate dates, awkward small talk and figuring out whether the dude is a narcissistic mentalist is a brain exhausting experience. But if I was to have to pick I'd say anything involving wine... wine definitely helps ease the above process.

What would you consider to be your biggest challenge as a model so far?
My biggest challenge modelling so far has definitely been coming back after having two babies. Regardless whether you look like you've had kids or not, it's such a huge change for your body and life in general to go through, and it can suck the confidence out of you. I think I drove the photographer crazy on my first shoot back... but I'm glad I pushed myself out of that comfort zone, I wouldn't have ended up with a feature in Playboy otherwise.

Do you have any last words you'd like to share with our readers?
Thanks so much for looking and reading! I hope you enjoy the set.

TECH

SMART IMITATES LIFE

A 2018 Tech Forecast

From batteries to birth control, five dizzying innovations that could transform our lives this year

By **JIMI FAMUREWA**

Trying to predict the tech world's reliably chaotic trajectory often seems a futile endeavour. Sleeper-hit products materialise to solve problems we didn't know we had, while multi-million-dollar fads flame out in the time it takes to cold-press some kale in a black-market Juicero. But every once in a while an identifiable trend manifests, offering a glimpse of our ever more connected future. In 2018 we're bound to see more overlap between the digital and physical worlds, a swelling chorus of soothing voice assistants and the further outsourcing of human grunt work to artificial intelligence. It could be the tipping point in a robot uprising- or just another year full of cool stuff that makes our lives drastically more efficient, fun and even sexy. Here then are five innovations that will shape the next 12 months and beyond.

• *AR Will Colonise Your Phone*

While continuing to insist to a shrugging public that VR is more than an expensive, apartment-clogging disappointment, Big Tech's major players are investing heavily in augmented reality: smartphone-enabled digital graphics that seamlessly interact with the physical world. Pokémon Go, the focus of a short-lived global mania in 2016, is still the most famous example of mainstream AR, but 2018 will see multiple attempts to prove there's more to it than catching Charizards. Google, unbowed by the hubristic disaster of Google Glass, is making waves with ARCore, a new platform that lets you plant moving augmented- reality stickers (a sleepy coffee cup, the Demogorgon from Stranger Things) next to your friends. So far, so "Snapchat dancing hotdog". But Apple's developer-ready suite ARK it may offer smart real-world solutions. IKEA Place lets you see how that end table will look in a room before you buy it, MeasureKit uses your phone's camera to consign the tape measure to the Dumpster of history, and social start-up Neon allows you to find friends at festivals by overlaying crowds with floating AR signposts.

• *You'll Buy a Butler*

When most of us watched Her, Spike Jonze's disquieting look at a lonely man falling in love with Scarlett Johansson's disembodied operating system, we felt the chill of an uncomfortably proximate dystopia. Meanwhile, Silicon Valley's power players were taking notes. From Amazon

Wave of the future, dude **Clockwise from top left:** the Ava bracelet and app, the Tesla Powerwall home battery, the IKEA Place app, the Apple HomePod

Echo to Google Home, voice assistants have been stealthily invading houses all over America. Amazon alone has reportedly shipped more than 10 million Echo-enabled speakers. In 2018, the virtual-butler boom will only get bigger with the late-2017 launch of Apple's Siri-powered HomePod, Google's new Home Mini and Amazon's sprawling family of new Echo products that can do everything from control your appliances to help you follow recipes. Yes, there are legitimate concerns about privacy, incrimination and corporate surveillance, but this train can't be stopped. And looking even further ahead, x.ai's Amy, an e-mail-based piece of artificial intelligence that can organise work meetings, shows that when it comes to virtual assistance, asking Alexa for traffic updates is only the start.

• *Wall-E Will Deliver Your Takeout*

The drone's appeal may have plummeted, but Amazon is still pressing ahead with plans for a fleet of unmanned air-delivery vehicles. While the Seattle megacorporation's progress has been stymied by US airspace restrictions, a more earthbound solution has emerged. Founded by former Skype bosses in tech-savvy Estonia, robotics start-up Starship Technologies deploys driverless terrestrial droids to handle all manner of hyperlocal deliveries. When one of the knee-high bots rolls up to your door, you simply unlock it with a smartphone app, get your goods and send it on its merry way. It sounds like a folly doomed to fail as soon as a gang of local kids hurls one into a nearby river, but Starship has factored in security: If someone tampers with a bot, an alarm sounds and cameras snap pictures. And having linked with Postmates to storm sidewalks in Washington DC, San Francisco and beyond, the Starship bot increasingly looks like the measured tortoise to Amazon's haughty hare. Delivery people aren't the only ones being supplanted by cute machines. French start-up Stanley Robotics is rolling out an automated outdoor parking service that uses an intelligent towing droid and algorithmic precision to make the fumble for your valet ticket a thing of the past.

• *Your Home Will Come With Batteries*

From space tourism to solving LA's traffic problem by boring giant holes in the ground, Elon Musk has always had an enjoyable Bond-villain mystique. But one of the Tesla CEO's most fascinating (and achievable) recent initiatives is all about sparking a revolution with something seemingly simple. On first examination, the Tesla Powerwall, a giant home battery based on the electric-car manufacturer's celebrated lithium-ion Powerpacks, sounds humdrum. But the Powerwall actually enables those with solar panels to save money by storing renewable energy during off-peak times, safeguard against outages, juice up electric cars and even sell power back to the grid. As ever, where one company has led-the first Powerwall arrived in 2015, and a revamped $5 500 version started shipping this year-others follow. With big hitter LG (in collaboration with Californian solar expert Sunrun) entering the race with its own cut-price energy-storage units, 2018 could well be the year this trend goes from the kind of thing wheatgrass-slurping Silicon Valley types yammer about to a game changer that brings green energy to the masses.

• *You Will Use Your Phone as... Birth Control?*

Imagine a smartphone that doubles as a contraceptive. (No, we don't mean an ill-judged emoji that torpedoes your chances with a Tinder match.) The smartwatch-style Ava, which tracks a woman's cycle to identify when she's most fertile, can be used to aid conception or thwart it. The iPhone's Health app can also assist in this millennial rhythm method, but Natural Cycles, an app-and-thermometer set designed by Swedish particle physicist Elina Berglund, leads the way-algorithmically logging ovulation, basal body temperature and other data to chart a woman's chances of getting pregnant. With more and more people rejecting the hormonal roulette of the morning-after pill or the ecological iffiness of latex condoms, Natural Cycles attracts an estimated 10 000 new users each month. What's more, last year the service became the first digital solution to be officially certified in the European Union as a form of birth control: In "perfect use" trials, it matches the pill's effectiveness rate of 99 percent. Although the service is not yet certified in the States, the company has made overtures to the FDA. Sex-not to mention the sight of your date innocently checking her phone- may never be the same. ■

Among the Faithful...

Waco aims to tell the story of a national tragedy from both sides-finally

By **JIMI FAMUREWA**

What really goes on inside a cult? Over the past couple of years our collective fascination with that question has risen to a fever pitch. The literary world obsessed over Emma Cline's *The Girls* and Stephanie Oakes's *The Sacred Lies of Minnow Bly*, both of which reimagine collective madness as coming-of-age tales. Indie auteur Ti West barely bothered to alter the Jonestown story for his horror film The Sacrament. *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* turns a young woman's survival of a doomsday-sect kidnapping into screwball comedy, and *American Horror Story: Cult* pulls everything from Andy Warhol's Factory to Heaven's Gate into its maniacal vision.

John Erick Dowdle and Drew Dowdle are the brains behind *Waco*, the fledgeling Paramount Network's six-part miniseries about the deadly 1993 standoff between federal agents and Branch Davidian cultists led by David Koresh at the group's compound near Waco, Texas. The brothers were haunted by the feeling that the media had shown them — and us — a version of events that was superficial at best.

"We were teenagers when the real Waco story happened, but I remember it unfolding live", says Drew, who produces and co-writes most of the pair's films. "It was this one-sided perspective, from the outside in. To experience that same story we remember from the inside out was a completely different thing."

Their journey through those walls started while they were researching a fictional script. One of the characters, they thought, could be a survivor of the fire that ended the FBI and ATF siege of the compound-which killed 76 members of the group, including the 33-year-old Koresh.

"Then we said, 'Hey, did anyone survive the fire?'" remembers John, who directs and co-writes their work. That led them to David Thibodeau, one of nine Branch Davidians who made it out alive. The Dowdles won his trust, and he allowed them to work from his autobiography, *A Place Called Waco: A Survivor's Story*. To get the feds' side of the ordeal, they mined the memoirs of Gary Noesner, the FBI's lead negotiator during the standoff.

But they didn't stop there. They conducted hundreds of their own interviews, listened to all the audio of the negotiations and watched every inch of Koresh footage they could get their hands on. Their goal: a "no bad guys" examination that humanises participants who'd been demonised as fascists or fanatics.

They came to realise that Koresh, played in the *Waco* miniseries by *Friday Night Lights* star Taylor Kitsch, wasn't the unhinged maniac presented by the media, and that Kitsch could embody the qualities that attracted many highly educated and spiritual people to Koresh's ministry.

"This was someone who was really knowledgeable about the Bible and, in their minds, cracked codes they'd been trying to solve their entire lives", says Drew.

In the end, Koresh was desperate and trapped, as so many of the Dowdles' protagonists have been. Time and again they've put their characters through claustrophobic nightmares: the snaking corridors of an apartment building in 2008's *Quarantine*; a broken elevator in 2010's Devil; the catacombs of Paris in 2014's *As Above, So Below*.

"It's always interesting to see how characters respond when they're backed into a corner", Drew explains.

And through *Waco* they found a surprising answer to that quixotic question: What really goes on inside a cult?

"People think of everyone on the inside as having the same opinion, a kind of mind-meld", says Drew. "Reading Thibodeau's book, you realise how smart and opinionated these people were-they often disagreed with David Koresh-and, as events unfolded, how much debate happened inside over what they should do. It was very different from what you think of as a mind-control environment."

Perhaps that's why cult stories resonate through these volatile times: They reflect a need to understand what drives people to seek order within fortified walls-and a sneaking suspicion that their needs are much the same as our own. ■

In a Cult Called America

The Path returns to offer an unsettlingly familiar portrait of extremism

"People don't want to be in a cult; they want to be in a movement", says Aaron Paul, star of the Hulu original series *The Path*. Paul plays Eddie Lane, a charismatic everyman who just may be extraordinary.

BY **JIMI FAMUREWA**

The foundational story of Meyerism, the fictional faith at the centre of the series, can sound outlandish or inspiring, depending on your propensity for religious belief. In the 1970s, Stephen Meyer climbed a ladder of pure light- he may have been tripping on ayahuasca at the time-and received the wisdom of the universe.

"What the Meyerists preach", says Paul, "isn't too far from what a lot of other religions preach: Live a life with transparency, don't lie, be good to each other, be good to the planet. You climb each rung and eventually get to this garden full of love that sounds incredible"

In its third season, *The Path* asks viewers to allow for the possibility that Meyer truly did climb that ladder and achieve enlightenment, which he then passed on to his followers, most of whom live in communes in San Diego and upstate New York. The other possibility, still very much on the table, is that Meyerists are 100 percent bat-shit crazy.

The first two seasons saw Lane veer from faithful Meyerist to outright denier and then back to believer. As season three begins, he has not just returned to the fold; he has grown from follower to leader-the psycho-spiritual offspring of Dr Phil and the Dalai Lama.

"I grew up in a very religious household, believing everything that was presented to me", says Paul, whose father was a Baptist minister "Eddie wakes up one day and says, 'I just don't buy it anymore'. But those beliefs keep pulling him back until he can't ignore them. He eventually sees it as his true calling."

The Path presents just enough facts to make you believe-or come close to believing- that Lane is more than a fervid disciple and that Meyerism is about more than hallucinogenic hysteria. Lane claims to have been struck by lightning, seemingly corroborated by an elaborate scar on his back, and has had intuitions about things that came to pass. And then there was that time he appeared to heal a baby with a potentially fatal heart defect just by touching him.

Show runner and frequent series director Jessica Goldberg says one of the reasons *The Path* works is that Paul makes such a convincing case for Lane as a divine figure. "Aaron Paul is a very instinctual actor, and his character is coming from a very instinctual place", she says. "He's the leader and the most honest person who could be that leader. The question is whether he can stay that honest."

With parallels to multiple real-life religions including Mormonism (a founder who saw visions), Scientology (electronic gizmos), Buddhism (spiritual enlightenment), shamanism (trippy drugs) and Catholicism (confession), the Meyerist movement provides rich territory for a reflection on how a small sect with seemingly odd beliefs can evolve into something greater.

"The majority of cults don't consider themselves cults", Paul says. "Religions start off as something- heaven and hell, let's build an ark, let's part the Red Sea-that sounds so out there. Once you stamp 'religion' on it and get millions of followers, you validate it."

Shocking moments in early episodes of season three reconfigure TV's weirdest love triangle- involving Lane; Sarah (Michelle Monaghan), Lane's wife and a lifelong Meyerist, and Cal Roberts (Hugh Dancy), leader of the New York branch-but at its core the new season is about something far larger than personal relationships. It's an inquiry into the nature of truth and the deep, twisted foundations of belief.

Given the current cultural climate, in which objective facts are more elusive than ever, this is the kind of story we need to be telling. ■

CREATIVES FOR CLIMATE

Introducing a collective of artists who are wielding the Rabbit to take on climate change

"Art is like an open window to new ideas", says Kii Arens, whose Technicolor canvas *Play Joy* is reproduced here. "Words can get lost in the shuffle of everything that's being broadcast and posted, but art doesn't go away." Art's power to foster passionate dialogue is what we had in mind when we conceived *Creatives for Climate*, a campaign to raise money for environmental causes by auctioning off original work by our favourite artists. Our only creative direction to them. Remix the Rabbit. It proved to be an inspiring prompt. "Despite the variety of what people pull while reading Playboy, there is a Bunny for everyone", says Nina Palomba, the artist behind the kinetic *Bunny Love* piece at right.

Early in the new year we'll host a silent auction in Los Angeles. Guests will have the opportunity to bid on the very pieces you see here, as well as dozens more, while enjoying drinks, live music and the sexy, sophisticated company you'd expect at any Playboy event. More important, we hope it will serve as a launchpad of sorts. As Arens puts it, "A Playboy art show on the topic is a platform for open discussion, which is the path to change". If you're interested in joining us, drop a line to creativesfor@playboy.com. Meanwhile, check out some of the art we've rounded up so far. Climate change is serious business, but judging by the pieces shown here, raising awareness about it can be a hell of a good time.

BURTON MORRIS
Climate and Change. Acrylic and spray paint on wood
36 x 24 inches, 2017

NINA PALOMBA
Bunny Love. Mixed media,
36 x 36 inches, 2017

JOE SUZUKI
Happy Accident Series—Playboy Bunny. Resin casting material and enamel paint, various sizes, 2017

KII ARENS
Playboy. Archival canvas print, 4 x 3 feet, 2017

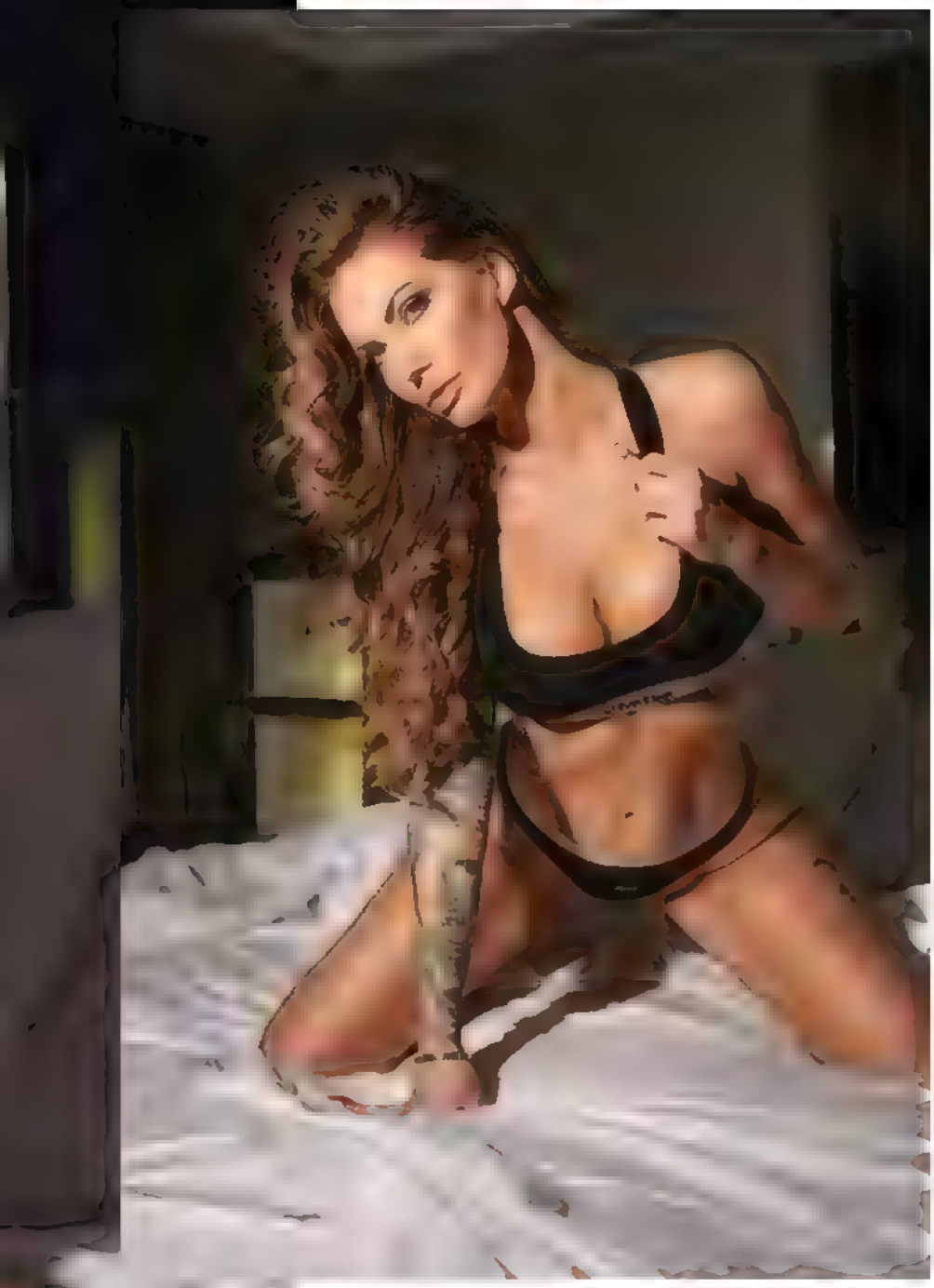
STEPHEN PALLADINO
Indulgence. Acrylic ink drawing on paper, 40 x 26 inches, 2017

VIKING BARBIE

Photography by **GEA IMAGES** *Make-up by* **ASHLEY PEACHES** *Text by* **SAMANTHA JACK**

FEBRUARY 20

Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein



Tell us a bit about yourself?
I am a bit of an introvert and a fitness fanatic, I grew up around the industry My background is Scandinavian and German. I was born originally in San Antonio, Texas, USA, but currently reside in Orange County, California

What was your initial reaction when you were chosen to shoot for Playboy?
I was excited! Playboy is an awesome publication and I am honoured to be a part of it.

How do you prepare for a shoot?
I usually try to drink lots of water a week before, then reduce intake a few days prior, as well as eating as clean as possible

Describe your perfect man.
My perfect man has a rough past like me, a bit crazy because I get bored, but has evolved and learned from it He is honest and loyal, and never takes me for granted It doesn't hurt if he's fit as well

What is your ideal date?
Snuggling up with takeout and horror films

What do you do for fun?
I go to concerts, monster truck rallies, and hang out with my close girlfriends. Mostly I enjoy a good run

Tell us a bit about your most embarrassing moment.
I was walking down the street and listening to music with my headphones on, feeling pretty hot that day too. I randomly tripped and rolled a good three times downhill on a crowded street. It was humbling to say the least.

What would you say is the most difficult part about being a model?
Always staying in shape and on point aesthetically Also, being over critical of yourself

What are you most looking forward to doing this year?
I'm looking forward to growing my brand and really accelerating my earning potential I also look forward to travelling a bit

Lastly, what is your life motto or a quote that means a lot to you?
"There can only be one." - Highlander

FEBRUARY 2018

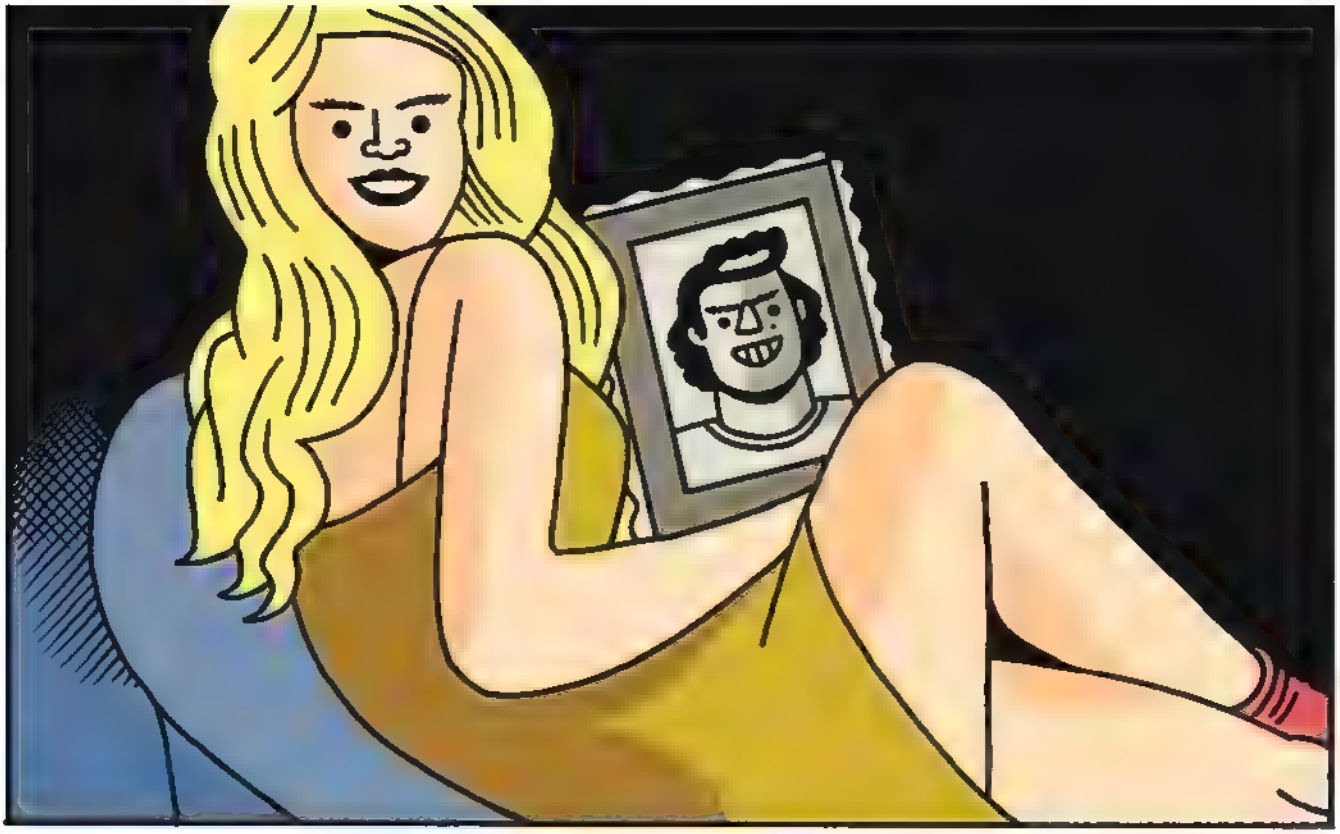
IS THIS GUY FOR REAL?

ANDY KAUFMAN

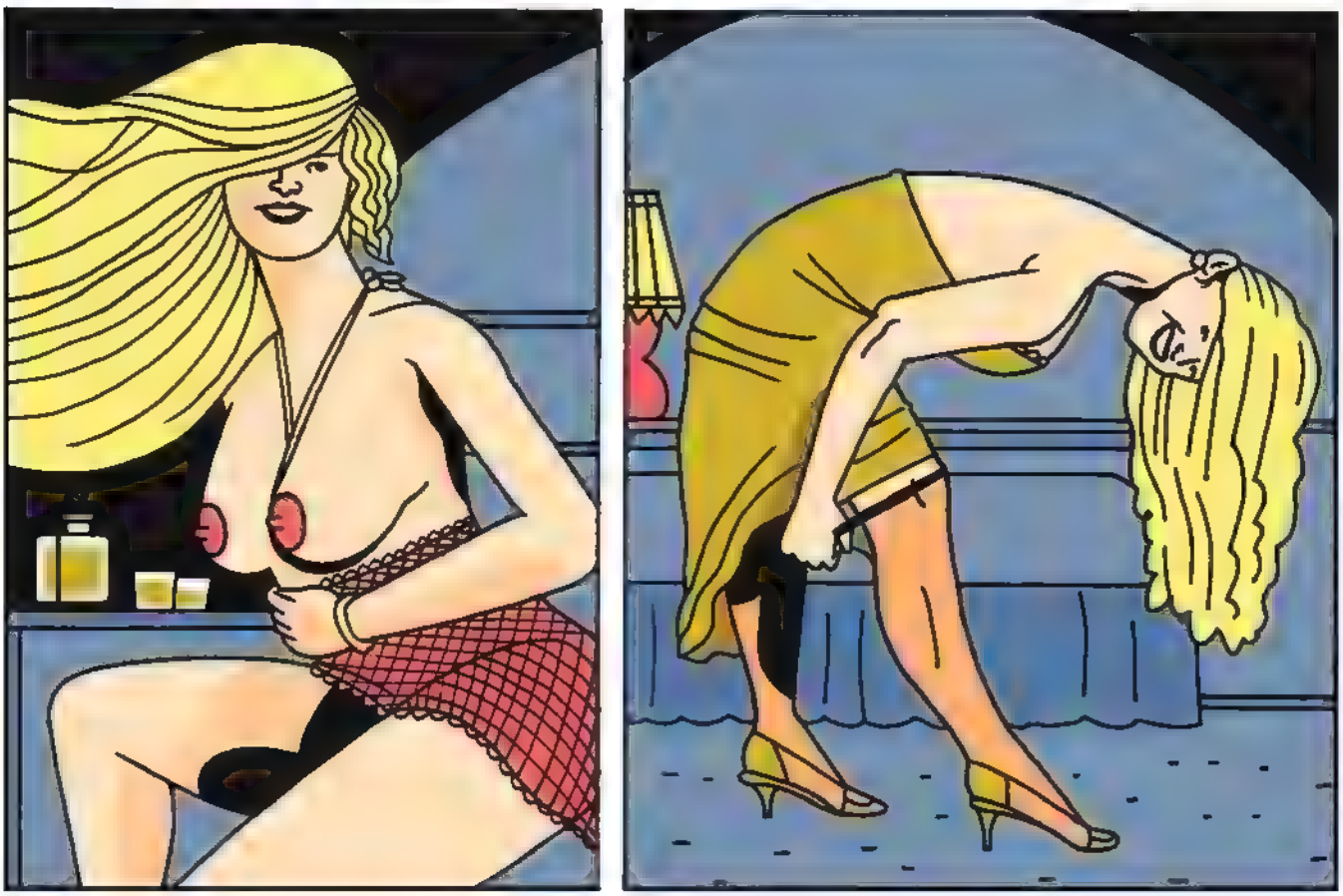
SUSAN SMITH

IN OCTOBER 1981, PLAYBOY CHALLENGED ABSURDIST COMEDIAN AND PERFORMANCE ARTIST ANDY KAUFMAN TO A WRESTLING MATCH AGAINST SEPTEMBER 1981 PLAYMATE SUSAN SMITH. KAUFMAN ACCEPTED; HE'D BEEN WRESTLING WOMEN FOR YEARS. THE MAGAZINE IMMORTALIZED THE EVENT IN A FEBRUARY 1982 FEATURE.

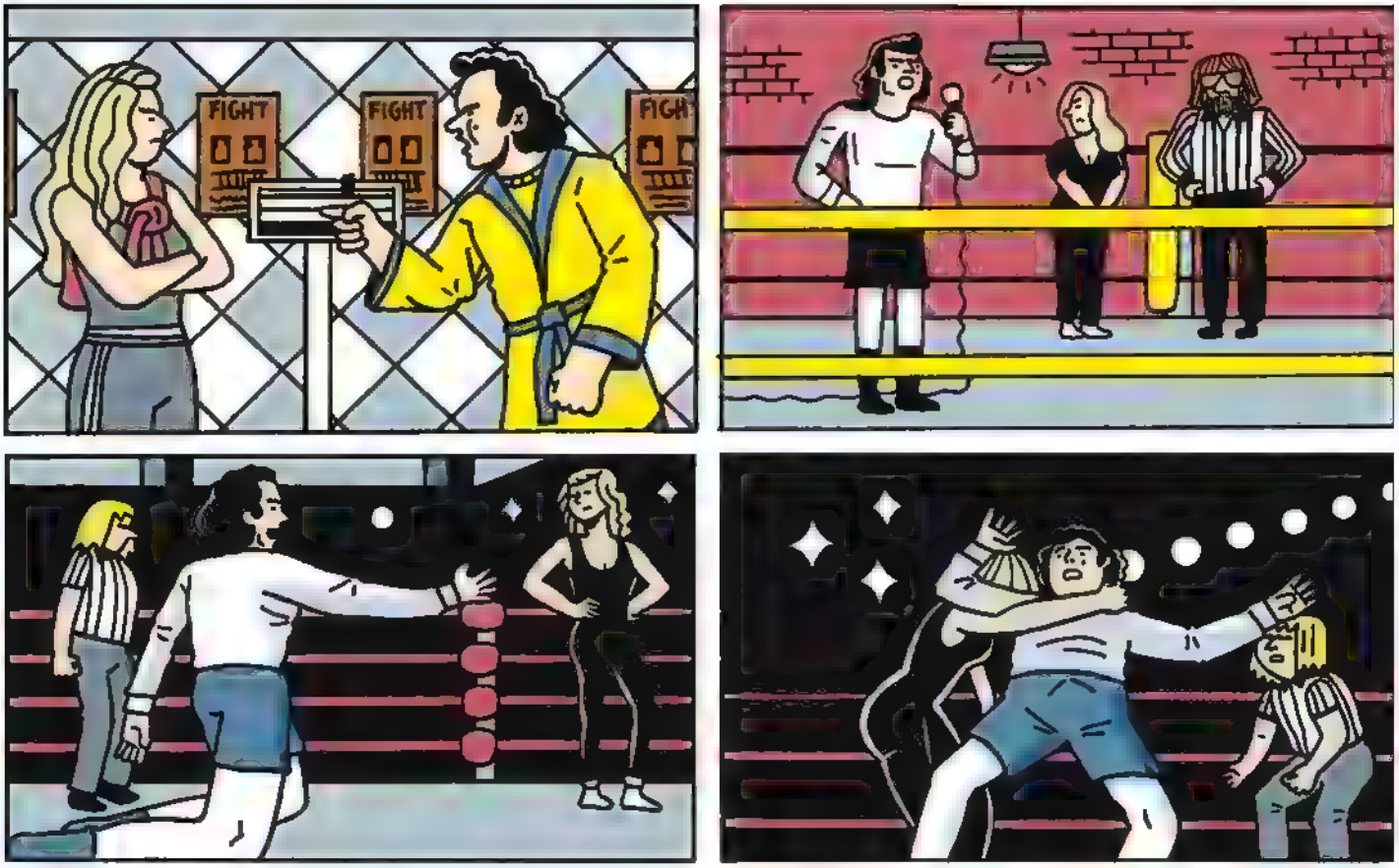
IS THIS GUY FOR REAL? THE UNBELIEVABLE ANDY KAUFMAN BY BOX BROWN EXPLORES KAUFMAN'S WRESTLING CAREER AND FETISH.



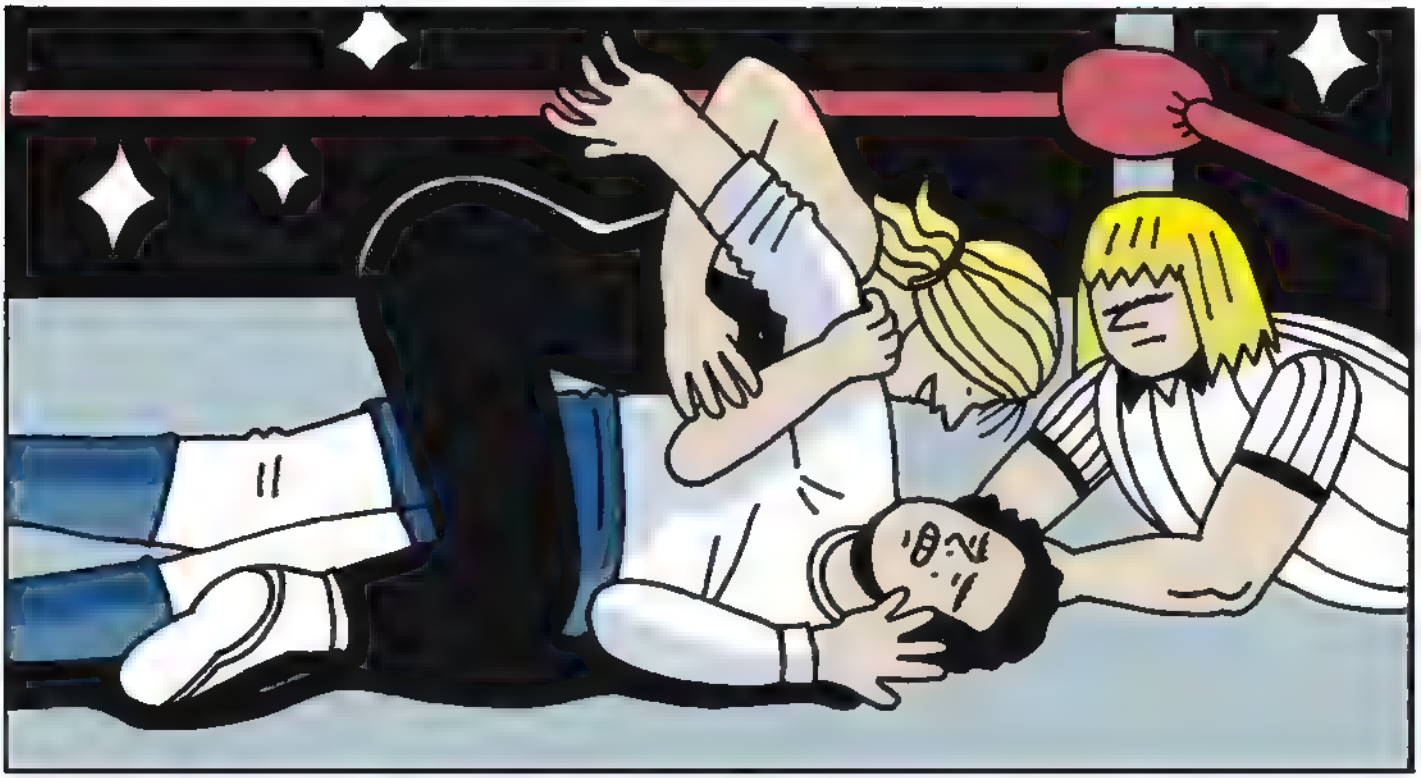
KAUFMAN HAD A VISION: ONE DAY THERE WOULD BE WRESTLING CLUBS JUST LIKE DANCE CLUBS. AFTER YOU WRESTLED SOMEONE, KAUFMAN TOLD WRITING PARTNER BOB ZMUDA, IT'D BE A QUICK JUMP TO THE BEDROOM. DURING KAUFMAN'S ACT HE CHALLENGED WOMEN IN THE AUDIENCE, OFFERING $1,000 TO ANY WHO COULD PIN HIM.



KAUFMAN BOASTED ABOUT BEING THE UNDEFEATED "INTERGENDER WRESTLING CHAMPION"—A TITLE HE MADE UP—AND CLAIMED HE'D SLEPT WITH 70% OF HIS OPPONENTS. SMITH WAS A DIRT BIKER AND KARATE ENTHUSIAST WHO GREW UP MILKING COWS ON A FARM IN WISCONSIN. SHE TRAINED WITH A WRESTLING COACH TO PREPARE FOR THE MATCH.

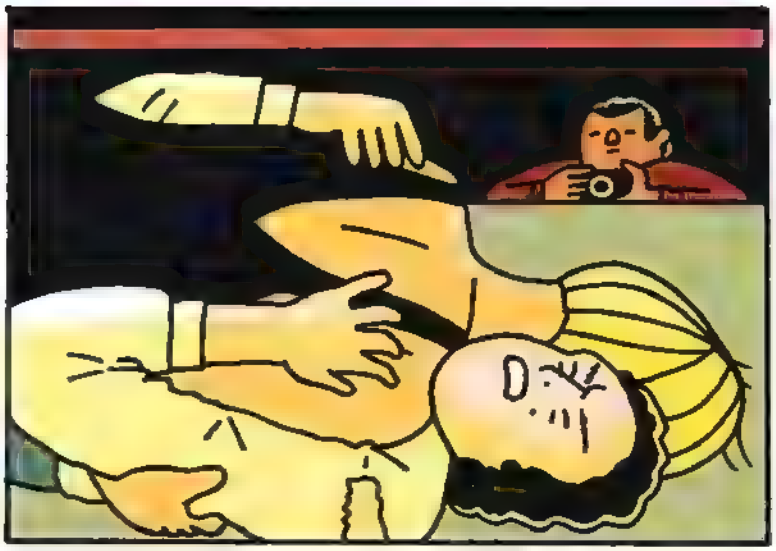


THE MATCH TOOK PLACE OCTOBER 11, 1981, AT PLAYBOY'S ATLANTIC CITY HOTEL-CASINO. AT THEIR WEIGH-IN, KAUFMAN AND SMITH POSED FOR PHOTOS, ANSWERED PRESS QUESTIONS—AND EXCHANGED PLENTY OF TRASH TALK, WITH KAUFMAN EVENTUALLY GETTING HIMSELF THROWN OUT OF THE ROOM. BY THE TIME KAUFMAN ENTERED THE RING TO FACE SMITH THAT EVENING, HE HAD ALREADY "DEFEATED"

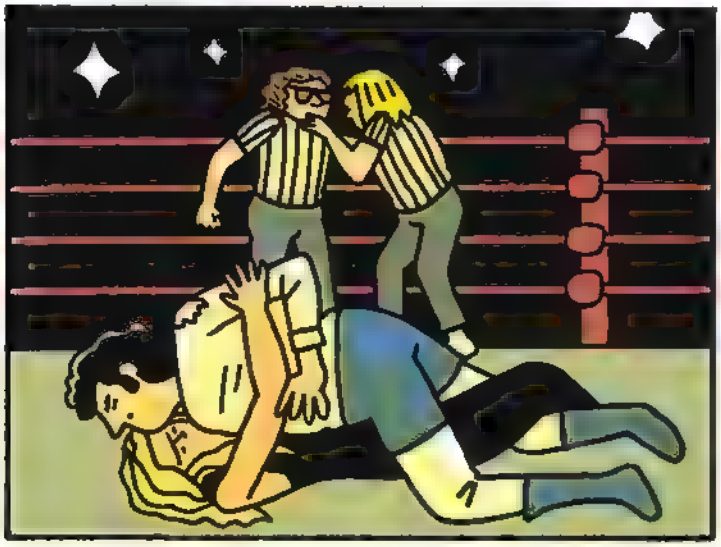


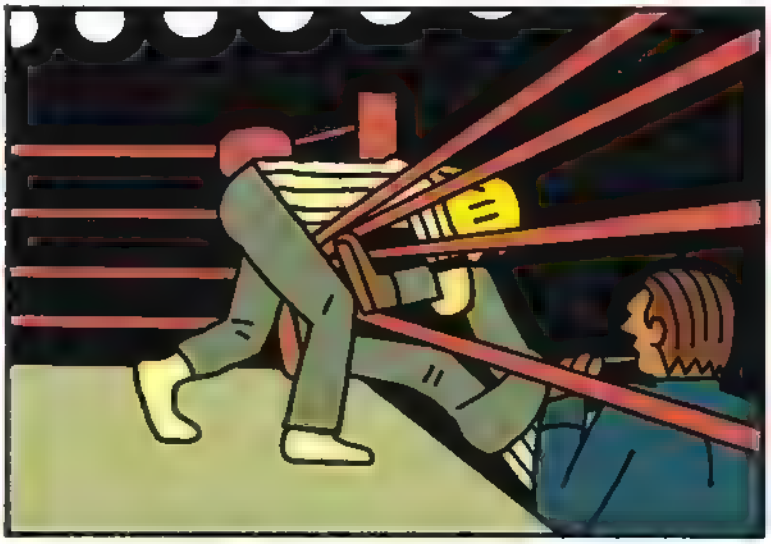
IN PRELIMINARY ROUNDS SIX WOMEN—ALL VOLUNTEERS FROM THE STANDS—THANKS IN NO SMALL PART TO REF ZMUDA'S QUESTIONABLE CALLS. BUT FOR THE MAIN EVENT, PLATINUM-HAIRED "PRETTY BOY" LARRY SHARPE, A WELL-KNOWN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, OFFICIATED. AFTER THE BELL RANG, SMITH QUICKLY SHOWED HER ATHLETICISM, HANDILY LEG-DROPPING KAUFMAN, THEN WRIGGLING OUT OF A HEADLOCK AND FLIPPING HIM ON HIS BACK.

SHARPE LATER SAID KAUFMAN HAD TAUNTED SMITH THROUGHOUT THE MATCH, WHISPERING IN HER EAR, "I KNOW YOU WANNA FUCK ME." KAUFMAN SEEMED TO BE PLAYING A STEROIDAL VERSION OF BOBBY RIGGS— WHO LOST TO BILLIE JEAN KING IN THE INFAMOUS 1973 "BATTLE OF THE SEXES."

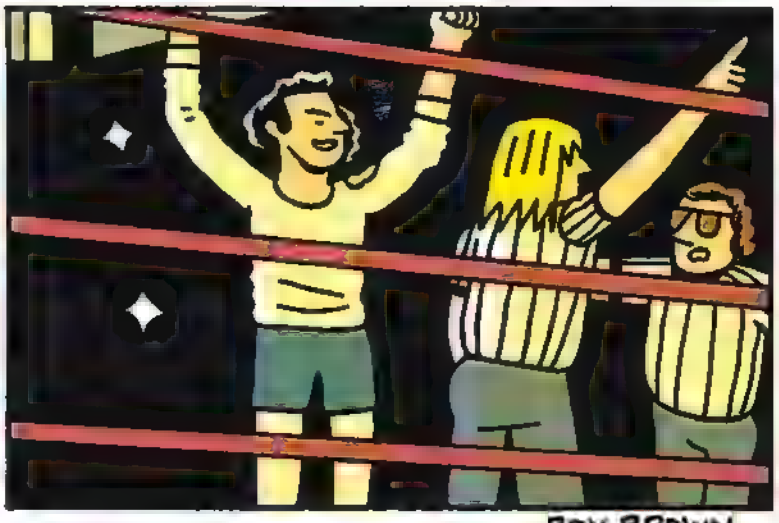


THE END OF THE MATCH WAS PURE PRO-WRESTLING PERFORMANCE. SMITH WAS MORE THAN HOLDING HER OWN. TWICE SHE HAD KAUFMAN PINNED, BUT SHARPE WAS DISTRACTED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF ZMUDA, WHO WAS TRYING TO ENTER THE RING, AND DIDN'T SEE. KAUFMAN FLIPPED SMITH, AND SHARPE, PAYING ATTENTION AT LAST, GAVE WHAT PLAYBOY WOULD CALL "THE FASTEST THREE COUNT IN ATHLETIC HISTORY"—EVEN THOUGH HER SHOULDER WAS CLEARLY UP.





HARD TO SAY WHY SHARPE DID A FAST COUNT; HE MAY HAVE BEEN IN ON THE ACT, OR MAYBE KAUFMAN PAID HIM OFF. AFTER 18 MINUTES AND 35 SECONDS THE MATCH WAS OVER: KAUFMAN REMAINED INTERGENDER CHAMP. HE'D HOLD THE TITLE FOR THREE MORE YEARS UNTIL HIS UNTIMELY DEATH IN 1984.



BOX BROWN

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHRISTIE HEFNER

A candid conversation with Playboy Enterprise's former President and CEO on working alongside her father and journeying beyond the world of Playboy

In the summer of 1982 news broke that 29-year-old, Brandeis University–educated Christie Hefner, the first child of Hugh Hefner, had been appointed President of Playboy Enterprises, the $389 million company launched almost 30 years before by her father. The announcement raised eyebrows and red flags. For all her smarts and poise, was she up to the task? Would she actually be given any real power by her 56-year-old father, who owned 70 percent of the company stock and whose take on sex, social justice, pop culture and the high life marked every page of the magazine he created in 1953? She, a committed feminist, wanted the magazine and the company to reflect the shifting cultural tide. Surely an epic clash of wills was imminent, one that could even bring down the whole Playboy empire. Criticism came thick and fast-some of it veiled, some not. One national magazine patronisingly crowned her "the Princess of Playboy." Depending on the viewpoint (and prejudices) of the observer, Christie Hefner was too young, too inexperienced, too pretty, too much of a feminist, too conservative or, perhaps most glaring of all, too buttoneddown in dress, demeanour and mindset, especially compared with her rock-star father. Meanwhile, the company was haemorrhaging cash. Recently lost were the British gambling clubs that had accounted for more than a whopping 80 percent of the company's profits, roughly $39 million yearly. (Due to charges of "technical credit violations" in 1981, the company was unable to renew some of its licenses, forcing the sale of five casinos and 80 betting houses.) Led by Christie Hefner, the company began long-term but dramatic restructuring and belt-tightening, returing a number of top executives, significantly cutting other staff and closing or selling a handful of divisions. Still, despite the fact that Christie had no MBA nor any business experience outside Playboy, she radiated unflappable intelligence and self-possession when telling reporters that she fully expected profits from playboy magazine and new cable-TV ventures to take up at least some of the slack. In 1988 she was made Chairman of the board and Chief Executive Officer. For a total of 26 years, some of them undeniably turbulent, she ran the business alongside her father, who often referred to her as "Corporate" or "Chicago". Publicly, she didn't let that faze her. In 1991 she announced that she would be with Playboy for life, but in 2009 she stepped down. She wasted no time in re-establishing herself as a high achiever in the public and non-profit sectors. Born Christie Ann Hefner in Chicago on November 8, 1952, she is the older of the two children of Hugh Marston Hefner and Mildred Williams. Mildred,

"At certain points when I became an adult we might have talked about relationships though, candidly, I was probably trying to secretly give him relationship advice."

"I remember reading an answer to a question in Playboy Advisor in the early 1980s that was so stunning. 'She has the right to say no even if she has her panties off.'"

"I've told Barbi many times that he became a richer, better person in the years of that relationship. I used to tease her and say, 'You know, we could borrow each other's clothes.'"

Photography by **JAKE CHESSUM**

a former English teacher and Hef's college sweetheart, separated from Hef when Christie was four and her brother, David, was one. (The latter, a computer consultant, has long avoided the limelight.) After her parents divorced and her mother married Chicago lawyer Ed Gunn in 1960, Christie, her brother and her mother relocated to leafy, upper-middle-class suburban Wilmette, Illinois. Several times yearly a limousine would whisk Christie back to Chicago for a visit with her father at the Playboy Mansion; in the main, that was the extent of their face-to-face contact. Meanwhile, Mildred's marriage to Gunn didn't take and, to put it mildly, neither Christie nor David took to him. They too divorced, Mildred re-wed and has been happily married for nearly 40 years. Nevertheless, as Christie Gunn and a top student active in theatre and music, she graduated from New Trier West High School and went on to major in English at Brandeis University, near Boston. Elected in her junior year to Phi Beta Kappa, she graduated summa cum laude in English and American literature. Thinking she might pursue law, journalism or public service, she decided to move to Boston her first postgrad year, working as a freelance writer for magazines and the alternative newspaper *The Boston Phoenix* to see whether journalism was the best fit. From there she got swept up in the world of Playboy and not only made a success of it but also launched the Hugh M Hefner First Amendment Awards in her father's honour. While serving as Playboy's CEO, she helped raise $30 million for Chicago's CORE Center for people with AIDS. Post-Playboy she has taken on advisory or executive roles at Canyon Ranch Enterprises, HatchBeauty and the $3 billion agricultural conglomerate RDO Equipment Co. She has also stumped for progressive political candidates, particularly women, and has worked with the Center for American Progress, a non-partisan think tank, since 2009. In 1995 she married former Illinois state senator William A. Marovitz, a real estate developer and attorney; 16 years later, Marovitz settled a Securities and Exchange Commission lawsuit that accused him of making roughly $100 000 by illegally buying Playboy stock, trading on confidential corporate information gleaned from his wife-who had repeatedly warned him against acting on that information. (The couple separated in 2011 and later divorced.) Today Christie remains close with her brother, David, 62, and her two half-brothers: Cooper Hefner, the 26-year-old Chief Creative Officer of Playboy Enterprises, and 27-year-old Marston Hefner, who writes under the name Marston Glenn and is the author of a collection of post-apocalyptic zombie tales called Bleed. The four of them gathered for dinner in the Brentwood neighbourhood of Los Angeles at the end of September the day after their father died, unexpectedly and of natural causes, at the Mansion. We sent **Stephen Rebello**, whose last *Playboy Interview* was with Patton Oswalt, to Chicago, where he interviewed Hefner in her Michigan Avenue offices. Says Rebello, Christie Hefner is brisk, articulate and businesslike. Fiercely loyal to her father and his legacy, she is a study in poise and boundary-setting, especially on what she will and won't discuss-hence the long phone call she requested before agreeing to this interview. But she is also very much a grieving daughter. More than once when talking about her father, her eyes welled and her crisp speech pattern grew momentarily hesitant. What I came away with was far more precious than tabloid fodder; during our time together she gave refreshingly personal insights on Hef as a father, mentor and boss-and some powerful life lessons about finding yourself even if you grew up in the shadow of such a towering figure. "Tacked onto a board behind Christie's desk are two photocopied black-and-white images. In one, she and Hef beam at each other; in the other, her father, in close-up, looks raffish, rascally and faraway. It was almost as if Hef himself were monitoring us both over his daughter's left shoulder. It was unsettling and somehow oddly comforting at the same time."

THERE'S NO "IT'S GOOD ENOUGH" FOR ME. THERE'S JUST AN UNYIELDING COMMITMENT TO TRYING TO BE THE BEST, DO THE BEST.

PLAYBOY: For years you've turned down offers to write an autobiography and declined more than a few invitations to do the *Playboy Interview*.

HEFNER: I am fundamentally a private person. I wouldn't choose to share in a book things about my working relationship with my father or my personal life that I consider intimate. If I had agreed to do a memoir or an autobiography, it would have become a cheat. Way too many people think they need to write a book and that the world is interested in hearing about their life. I had a very clever agent once say to me, "Which is exactly why you should write a book-because you have that kind of insight". I thought, Well played, sir, well played.

PLAYBOY: Well played, but still no sale. This time, though, you've agreed to an interview.

HEFNER: I wouldn't have said yes were it not on the heels of my father's death and had there been no element of tribute. In all likelihood I wouldn't have said yes if Cooper hadn't asked me. But I also wouldn't have said yes if I hadn't felt comfortable about the phone conversation you and I had beforehand.

PLAYBOY: Hugh Hefner's death unleashed, and keeps unleashing, reminiscences, reappraisals, appreciation and virulent criticism from all over the world. As a colleague of his for decades observed, "The ones who knew and understand him the least are writing the most" How are you coping with the loss of your father?

HEFNER: Well, it's still very new and I'm still very early in it. I don't think I'm in a position to be helpful on coping strategies for grief. I have been helped indirectly by the many things I have had to attend to, like planning the memorial celebration we had for close friends in Los Angeles and a memorial celebration here in Chicago. I was asked to write a tribute for the magazine, which I did. I've also been overwhelmed by the outpouring of kindness in e-mails, cards and flowers. For a while there it looked like I could open a florist's shop.

PLAYBOY: How often were you able to see him in recent years?

HEFNER: I saw my father once a month, when I would go out to Los Angeles. So in a funny way I'm not having to face his absence on a day-to-day basis. I know he's gone, but it's like, "Well, I'm coming back to Los Angeles next month, so...." I'm not looking forward to going back to the house. On certain levels, the reality of it will sink in more over time, especially on occasions or at events I would have shared with him or have shared with him in the past, and now he won't be there.

PLAYBOY: From what other sources are you drawing support?

HEFNER: The man I'm seeing has just been a rock and wonderful. We're fortunate in my family because we really have three families: my >>

brother, David, and me; the two boys, Cooper and Marston, from my dad's second marriage; and my dad's wife, Crystal. There's huge mutual respect and love among all of us, so that's a kind of funny support system, even though everybody has a different kind of grief. I feel for the boys, because they had their dad for far fewer years than David and I did, and of course Crystal lost a husband. It's not the same, but underlying it all we lost the same person whom we loved. The fact that we're close and care so much about each other is a huge plus, and it's something he knew when he was alive.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when photographers shot you and your siblings out dining together at a Brentwood restaurant the night after your father died?

HEFNER: That was bizarre. That's LA, though. I had organised the siblings' dinner, as we called it, and we were going to have a family dinner, including Crystal, the next night, which we did. I thought it would be nice to go out with the boys. We were standing on the sidewalk and were suddenly swarmed by paparazzi. I said as we were leaving the restaurant that I was sure it was because people follow Cooper, who is more visible with the company and all.

PLAYBOY: What changes did you observe in your father in his later years?

HEFNER: He was not a person of regrets. Honestly, even when he sometimes behaved regrettably, he was not good that way. Consequently, he wasn't apt to have a would-have, could-have, should-have attitude about things. How he definitely changed was he found it much easier to express how important people were to him and how much he loved them-not just with family but with other people he was close to. He was always a romantic, but that mostly manifested in his personal romantic relationships, as it would normally. That softer side didn't manifest itself so much in his professional relationships. He was not the kind of person to quickly say to someone who worked for him, "Great job" or "I really appreciate the effort you put into that project". He was always fundamentally a kind person, and I don't want to say he became kinder or gentler, because he was never *not* those things. But as he got older, he became a softer version of himself. Maybe he came to realise how fundamental and essential human relationships are at the end of the day and how they're to be honoured and treasured, and part of that is expressing what they mean to you.

PLAYBOY: Did you and David, both very young at the time, suffer because of your parents' divorce?

HEFNER: Candidly, no, because our parents were already separated by the time I was four. David was an infant. I was seven when they divorced. I'm sure it would have been quite different if I had been 13 and they'd been together. I never lived with my dad. My mother, I have to say, was incredible.

PLAYBOY: How so?

HEFNER: I came to appreciate this only in hindsight, but she always emphasised that the fact that the marriage hadn't worked had nothing to do with how much our father loved us and wanted to always be in our lives. Sometimes children feel that if they had done something differently or better their parents would have stayed together and that somehow they caused the divorce. And then there are other parental dynamics in divorce where the kids become pawns and each parent says terrible things about the other in front of the kids, which is horrible. But my mother was just great about that.

PLAYBOY: What is your mother like?

HEFNER: I believe the best qualities I have came from her. In no particular order, she was very engaged in politics; she was a Democratic poll judge almost every election, and from the time I was little she took me canvassing door-to-door for candidates. I got interested in politics when I was very young. She was an English teacher and is an avid reader. From the beginning her attitude was that any book or magazine in the house or in the library was fine to read. She's a wonderful cook, and I learned that from her.

PLAYBOY: Several writers have depicted you as a child abandoned by a father consumed with building his empire. How much did your father actually make you a part of his life?

HEFNER: Growing up, I thought of him kind of like a favourite uncle-someone I knew absolutely loved me and would be there for me but not someone who knew who my friends were or what I was interested in. I would see him a handful of times a year. We went for birthdays and Christmas.

PLAYBOY: At the 74-room, 1900sqm Playboy Mansion in Chicago, where he lived from 1959 through the mid-1970s before relocating to Playboy Mansion West in Los Angeles?

HEFNER: That's right. Those visits were lots of fun. It was like a child's dream because the house had a huge game room. To me it was a game house, with a pool table and a Ping-Pong table, and you didn't have to put quarters in the pinball machines. Every game he owned had a board next to it where you put up the leading scores. Everybody competed to get on or move up the board. He would get the newest games, so that was the first time I saw Pong, *Pac-Man*, *Frogger* and *Donkey Kong*. We'd have a lovely dinner and conversation, and then we would play games. He was highly competitive with me and I with him.

PLAYBOY: In what ways are you most like Hef?

HEFNER: It's different now than it might have been 20 or 40 years ago, but I would say my competitiveness, my almost unending desire to make it the best it can be, whatever the "it" is, whether it's wrapping a birthday present or helping develop a strategy for a company. There's no "It's good enough" for me. There's just an unyielding commitment to trying to be the best, do the best. My parents weren't married that long, but there's a reason they were attracted to each other. In addition to their progressive political views, we have very much the same wickedly dark sense of humour. I could easily finish a lot of my father's sentences, and either of us could take something and turn it into a quip. I think of myself as a very loyal friend.

PLAYBOY: There had to be times when you just wanted more time with him, among other things.

HEFNER: When I was younger I was less forgiving of his shortcomings than I became as I

got older. I've had this conversation with friends who have had challenging relationships with one or another parent. The only thing I can say is what I feel: The other person isn't going to change. That is who they are. With someone who is genuinely abusive or a bad person, you should just get out of town. But if they're being the best person they know how to be, then you have to decide if there isn't much there you can love and not become consumed with what they're not able to give you.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to your father's relationship with Barbi Benton from 1969 to 1976? She was born only two years before you.

HEFNER: He met her in 1969, my last year of many at the National Music Camp at Interlochen, in Michigan, where I was involved in music and drama. I remember being there and reading newspaper stories about him going to Europe, where she was shooting a movie. As a girl I was a little suspicious of her and slow to warm up. I don't think it had to do with anything in particular that I didn't like about her. My dad was very youthful, so I don't think it had much to do with the age difference. I just remember thinking, as I did when my mom began dating the wonderful man she has been with for 40 years now: Is this a good person and a good relationship? Barbi and I have actually become quite good friends.

PLAYBOY: You were almost thinking like a protective parent whose kid is dating.

HEFNER: It took 10 years, but I came to understand that she was a wonderful influence on him. She got him to travel and broaden his horizons in ways he hadn't before. I've told Barbi many times that he became a richer, better person in the years of that relationship. I used to tease her and say, "You know, we could borrow each other's clothes".

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about growing up in the village of Wilmette, Illinois, about about 20km from downtown Chicago?

HEFNER: The music of the 1960s was my high school soundtrack. I remember a large framed photo of Ringo Starr that my father got for me, which was kind of cute because the Beatles had visited the Chicago Mansion. They might have stayed the night, but I'm not positive. I strongly suspect that Bobbie Arnstein, my father's long-time executive assistant and right-hand person, said to him, "You should get something for Christie. She's a teenager and this is the Beatles". How my father wound up with Ringo, I have no idea. I was actually a Paul person.

PLAYBOY: What was your classroom role?

HEFNER: I was the one whose hand shot up all the time when the teacher asked a question. I loved school. I met many of my friends, particularly from New Trier West High School in Northfield, Illinois, because we were in shows together. I started in fifth grade, playing the title role in *Sleeping Beauty*, all en français. In high school I had a small role in Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* and a much bigger role in Noël Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. I spent six summers at Interlochen, playing Daisy Mae in *Li'l Abner* and Luisa in *The Fantasticks* and singing in a number of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. I was wise enough to know that I didn't have the level of talent it takes to make it a career.

PLAYBOY: What kind of trouble did you get into as a young woman?

HEFNER: We were reading Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience* in a high school advanced English class. At the time, girls couldn't wear slacks to school. It was already seen as silly, but the rules hadn't changed. I said to the eight other young women in the class, "We're reading *Civil Disobedience*. Let's all show up in slacks tomorrow. What are they going to do?" Five girls showed up in slacks, and I got sent to the principal's office-the other girls had brought skirts to change into. My mother was called, and she thought I was in the right and they were in the wrong. I had an intellectual debate with the principal, who said, "If we didn't have dress codes, the students might show up in bathing suits". I remember saying, "Honestly, it would be incredibly uncomfortable being in school all day in a bathing suit, so I doubt that's a genuine worry"

WHEN I WENT TO WORK AT THE COMPANY I'M QUITE SURE MY DAD DID NOT EXPECT ME TO STAY, NEVER MIND RUN IT SOMEDAY.

PLAYBOY: You were known as Christie Gunn in those years. Did any of your friends know Hef was your dad?

HEFNER: I had my sweet 16 party at the Mansion, so my 14 closest girlfriends knew.

PLAYBOY: Did any friends avoid associating with the daughter of Mr Playboy?

HEFNER: Not in any way that blew back on me or that I was conscious of. When my best girlfriend from grammar school and I went out to lunch years later, she told me that when we were in third grade, she was at home having dinner with her parents and somehow the subject of work and dads came up. She told them, "You know, Cindy's dad is a doctor, and Christie's dad is the editor of Playboy..." Playboy was just a name to her; she could easily have said he was the editor of National Review. She told me that her father had said to her, "You shouldn't believe all the things your little friends tell you"

PLAYBOY: When boyfriends entered the picture, did you ever find yourself having to introduce them not only to your father but also to your mother and stepfather?

HEFNER: My high school boyfriend certainly knew my mom and Ed Gunn, but I don't believe he ever came to dinner with my dad. Once I got into high school, I don't remember bringing any boyfriends to meet my father.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever seek or receive relationship advice from your father?

HEFNER: Not when I was younger, but we talked about religion and politics. At certain points when I became an adult we might have talked about relationships, though, candidly, I was probably trying to secretly give him relationship advice under the guise of discussing relationships.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a lot of boyfriends?

HEFNER: I wasn't allowed to date until I was 16. That was my stepfather's edict. My mother took me to get the birth control pill when I was a freshman in college. I had a very open relationship with my mother. There were a couple of guys I went out with a couple of times, but pretty quickly I was "going steady", as we would say back then, with the same guy through high school. I met my college boyfriend, Paul, very early in my freshman year. We fell in love and lived together for three years, and then we were a couple during my senior year even though he was in his first year at Georgetown Law.

PLAYBOY: In 1974 you graduated from Brandeis, worked at Playboy over the summer and then moved to Boston. What career path did you have in mind?

HEFNER: My long-range plan was to apply to Yale's combination law and public policy graduate program. My dream was to wind up on the Supreme Court or in the Senate. Part of the divorce decree was that our dad would pay for whatever colleges we got into. I had no interest >>

in Radcliffe, where my mother thought she'd like me to go. A friend of mine, the television and film director Ed Zwick, was going to Harvard and suggested Brandeis: liberal arts, great academics, coed, close to Boston. I loved it. I changed my last name to Hefner the summer before my senior year. I'd been elected to Phi Beta Kappa my junior year. I had this idea that the certificate would be important to me and it would have my name on it, and I didn't have warm fuzzy feelings about my stepfather. Whatever the challenges of navigating the world with a famous last name, it seemed about the safest environment to make the change. So I went to court and changed my name to Christie Ann Hefner.

PLAYBOY: Rather than head straight to grad school, you wrote film reviews for the alternative newspaper *The Boston Phoenix*.

HEFNER: I thought I'd work as a journalist for a year before I considered graduate school. I liked journalism and got accepted into Radcliffe's publishing program. In my imagination I was going to be the next Ellen Goodman, a columnist who could write about serious and important issues but in a personal way. Maureen Dowd would be today's version.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

HEFNER: I was visiting my dad, and I told him about the Radcliffe program. He said, "Would you rather come back to Chicago, intern at the magazine and work with the editors and writers there?" I thought, Yeah, I probably would learn much more by being with some of the best writers and editors around.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel coerced?

HEFNER: I never felt pressured to work in the company or, later, to take over the company. I've met enough Donald Grahams, Arthur Sulzberger Jrs and Brian L. Robertses, and I think it must be challenging to feel this mantle on you almost from the beginning or to feel if you choose not to accept it you're deeply disappointing someone you love. When I went to work at the company I'm quite sure my dad did not expect me to stay, never mind run it someday. Things that would have been burdensome, like feeling my life had been mapped out for me or that I didn't have free choice, were not there.

PLAYBOY: How did you adapt to the office environment?

HEFNER: In no small measure as a result of its being Playboy, you're talking about people who are crackerjack smart, highly creative and overwhelmingly liberal. I felt completely at home with them. Problem-solving is my default mode, and it manifests itself in all aspects of my life. I came to realise that business is this interesting mix of creativity and discipline, and discipline is sort of about problem-solving. For me, Playboy lived at this interesting intersection of the two, with a strong element of social conscience over it. The thing that most struck me after I'd been there awhile was how much I enjoyed it and how much more comfortable I felt than I ever would have imagined.

PLAYBOY: When your father offered you the chance to run the company with him, you had to deal with its financial troubles. He reportedly said it was as if he'd thrown a great party and now you'd come in to clean up the morning after.

HEFNER: He actually said that to me and then repeated it publicly. Well, I thought, there's a little self-awareness anyway. [*laughs*] For sure there was trouble in the empire by the time I became President. I often ask myself what made me think I was up to the task, because, to be honest, there was no logic to it. I was 29. I'd never worked anywhere else in a business. I didn't even have an MBA. And it was a publicly traded company, so I wasn't going to be forgiven for making learner's mistakes. But people do things that by all rights they shouldn't be able to do, in part because they don't know that they shouldn't be able to do it, and so they just press forward.

PLAYBOY: During your tenure Playboy saw drastic layoffs and an expensive push toward developing a strong online presence long before other magazines had made the leap. How much guidance and support did your father offer when things got rocky?

HEFNER: I was incredibly stressed about the state of the company and the responsibility, and I spent a long time worrying about whether we could turn it around. I had all these stakeholders—the employees, the public shareholders, the business partners. But I also had him. He did say at one point, "I want you to know I sleep better knowing that you're in this job", which I thought was very dear.

PLAYBOY: Was your father a good businessman?

HEFNER: If he wanted to be, he could be. He had an acute intelligence that allowed him to very quickly zero in on what was important in complex situations. He'd ask the questions that, depending on whether you were prepared or not, you were either glad to be talking about or really sorry he'd asked. For someone as creative as he was, he could also be highly analytical and logical. On the other hand, he could willfully not be a good businessman if he decided something else was more important to him. He could choose to disregard what I'm sure he knew were the merits of the business side. When people on my team would get discouraged, I used to say, "It's a campaign, not a battle". Over time he became less and less an active business partner. He didn't aspire to be a CEO; he aspired to be an editor and a chief creative officer. He had become a CEO because he'd started a magazine that then spawned an empire, and he was the person to run it.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't take offence when your father said things like "Ask Corporate", referring to you?

HEFNER: [*Laughs*] Or "Ask Chicago". No. The flip side of that was when something didn't go the way a person wanted, the first sentence they would say to me always began with "Your father…." It's like when a parent comes home from work and the other parent says, "Your son…." You know the end of that sentence isn't "…got an A on his math test today".

PLAYBOY: Working with any boss is complicated enough, let alone, one would imagine, working with a boss who is also your parent. How heated did things get?

HEFNER: I can tell you that it never got heated between my father and me because he was completely non-confrontational. He was not a >>

screamer or a table pounder. If we were having a difficult time, it would manifest itself in tension during a meeting or in the avoidance of meetings.

PLAYBOY: How did you weather the charges of nepotism and the magazine articles that called you the Princess of Playboy and Ms Playboy, as if you got the job only as a matter of succession?

HEFNER: I'd been President a few years and we were in the middle of the turnaround when I just decided that most people were going to judge me based on what I did with the opportunity I'd been given. That's all I ever asked for. The fact that some people would never get past the fact that I'd been given this opportunity as a function of being the daughter of the founder-or, for that matter, the son of the founder-just didn't matter to me.

PLAYBOY: When you ran the company, women executives were a minority. How many other women were in top positions within Playboy's ranks?

HEFNER: On the Playboy Club side, a woman Vice President in charge of a lot of the marketing and merchandising sent me a cute welcome- to-the-club note when I became a Vice President. Over time, women in number-two positions had come up the ranks in administrative services and human resources. Many senior editors, the copy chief, the West Coast photo editor, the cartoon editor and, for much of the time I was there, the fiction editors were women, and we had big copy and research staffs, many of them women. When I joined, in the mid-1970s, women at Time, *Newsweek* and I think even *The New York Times* were filing class-action suits because women couldn't get out of the copy pool; there were no women on mastheads. At Playboy there wasn't the dynamic that all the women were secretaries and all the men had power. It was much more nuanced than that. When I left, more than 40 percent of my executives were women.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain some people's insistence on believing that Playboy must have been, and may still be, a sexist, *Mad Men*–type environment?

HEFNER: I encountered a fair amount of sexism, but it wasn't within the walls of the company. When I was running Playboy, it was almost laughable how often an accounting firm, law firm or investment bank would come to bid on work, and you just knew from the dynamic of the team they brought that the senior partner had said, "We can't go in there with no women! Find a woman, for God's sake!" And so they'd picked some poor woman whose name they didn't even know who'd be cowering against the wall in the conference room. It was ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: What kind of sexual harassment have you encountered in your life and career?

HEFNER: I don't know any women who haven't been sexually harassed, to be honest. Sexual harassment is a power issue by definition, so once I became President and CEO I wasn't likely to be targeted. But was I in situations where men seemed to think I was dying to kiss them and have them put their tongues down my throat when I had no interest? Or they put me up against a wall? Or came pounding on my door in a hotel room? Absolutely. So in the broader sense of a lack of clear communication and understanding the difference between someone expressing interest and someone who is not interested, I have seen that, yes.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to the charge that Playboy contributed to and continues to contribute to the culture of harassment and toxic masculinity?

IT'S NOT AN ACCIDENT THAT THE PLACES WHERE WOMEN'S RIGHTS ARE SUPPRESSED ARE THE PLACES SEX IS REPRESSED.

HEFNER: It's a complete misapprehension of anything to do with Playboy. In all the years I worked there we never had that problem, to my knowledge. We never had to litigate a suit. And it was a highly sexualised environment by definition because of the creative content of the product. It was very clear that the culture was one of respect-respect on every level. We weren't going to subject employees to drug tests or polygraphs, and the models were as respected as the writers or any of the magazine's other contributors. All of the Playboy Clubs had Bunny mothers so the women working as Bunnies would have a woman, not a man, to go to if there was a problem.

PLAYBOY: And what about the photos and layouts in the magazine?

HEFNER: You have to treat those photos as a Rorschach test: You're reading your own psyche into them to think that the magazine in any way stood for anything other than respectful relationships between men and women. It couldn't have been more overt in the voice of the magazine or in the people who were interviewed for it. I remember reading an answer to a question in *Playboy Advisor* in the early 1980s that was so stunning: "She has the right to say no even if she has her panties off."

PLAYBOY: Then how do you feel about the famous phrase "You can't be a feminist at Playboy" being levelled at you — both then and in hindsight?

HEFNER: Well, in no particular order, I would have said I am among many feminists at Playboy, and I know from the research we do that the readers of the magazine also support the goals of the women's movement and don't see the idea of the sexual appeal of women and beauty in any way at odds with that. I think it's not an accident that the places in the world where women's rights are suppressed are also the places in the world where sex is repressed.

Playboy has been a force for good in terms of opening up attitudes and empowering people. And the sexual revolution benefited women as well as men because the good-girl-bad-girl dichotomy was harmful for women. Separate from that, are you interested in slogans or in changing the world? Because if you want to change the world, you need allies, and if you want to have allies, then I wouldn't push away the largest men's magazine that is actually on your side on these issues. It's not a good strategy to make young women less likely to identify as feminist because they see it as being antimale. It's a struggle the women's movement has actually gone through, more at certain times than others, but it's still a struggle. For a long time you'd get women-forget men-who would say, "Well, I'm not a feminist, but ..." and then they'd say things that are completely feminist. Playboy did not cause the word *feminist* to take on a taint that kept younger women from identifying with it; it was that aspect of the women's movement at its extreme-Catharine MacKinnon, Andrea Dworkin, "all heterosexual sex is rape", "all heterosexual men are fundamentally rapists." Whether they believe that or not I can't say, but it's a warped sense of who men are and is not designed to build bridges between the genders in a way that could help solve issues, whether issues that transcend gender or issues like sexual harassment that are rooted in gender.

PLAYBOY: Let's circle back to your story. In January 2009 you exited Playboy Enterprises

and went on to pursue other interests: political, corporate, public health and beyond. How was it for you transitioning out of Playboy?

HEFNER: I'd actually been thinking about leaving for a couple of years. I had to decide what I wanted to do next, and the only thing I knew for certain was that I had a long-standing interest in politics and public policy. We had just elected Barack Obama, for whom I'd been working since his US Senate primary run, when very few people thought he could win. I sat next to Michelle when Barack gave the speech in Denver that put him on the map. I invited Barack to be the featured elected official at an annual magazine conference I chaired, and I asked David Remnick to interview him. I brought him to LA for his first fund-raiser and asked Norman Lear to host it. We had a real history together. I thought if I'm ever going to do anything more than just help individual candidates- if not now, when? But I didn't want to move to Washington, and I didn't want to try to get a job in the administration.

PLAYBOY: Were you anxious about finding another position quickly?

HEFNER: My then-husband [William Marovitz], to give him fair due, gave me a great piece of advice: "Don't feel you have to say yes to everything that's offered to you right away as if there won't be other things. If you can wait a bit, I think you'll have opportunities you can't imagine, because no one's thought of you as available to do anything other than what one does in one's spare time when one is CEO of a public company. Now you're available."

PLAYBOY: What were you offered?

HEFNER: I said no to a bunch of not-for-profit boards, but the founders and CEO of Canyon Ranch, on whose board I sat, called. I didn't want to be CEO but I did get to work with them, first as a consultant and then as Executive Chairman of a new division. A CNN producer asked if I would like to do more television. I'd started doing TV for a while when the Washington Speakers Bureau contacted me about representing me, and I started doing that. Things just assembled themselves in such a way that I thought, I can make a living and have enough time to do things that interest me in the political and not-for-profit world and have a life.

PLAYBOY: More of a life than you had as a CEO?

HEFNER: Once I was out of that for a while, I could see more clearly that the job of CEO entailed worrying 24/7 about everybody else. It was enormously refreshing to find that I still take everything I do seriously and give it my all, but I don't have to feel that everything rests on my decision-making. During my time at Canyon Ranch, I met with HatchBeauty. Three years ago its CEO said, "Would you consider working with us to help build the company to the next level?" I said yes. And a former friend who had a consulting firm I used when I was building Playboy.com in the 1990s is now an operating partner at L Catterton. He has just been asked to become CEO of the largest massage school and skin care school in the country and do a turnaround. He asked if I would be interested in working with him on it. I've agreed to do that. And I'm on the board of a large family agricultural company because I met the CEO through the not-for-profit Women Corporate Directors. I recognise there may come a time when everything stops and nothing else starts, but it's been more than eight years and it's worked so far.

LISTEN, I HAD A PERSONAL LIFE WHEN I WAS RUNNING PLAYBOY, SO FOR SURE I HAVE A PERSONAL LIFE NOW.

PLAYBOY: And you have a personal life?

HEFNER: Oh gosh, yes. The nice thing about virtually everything I've just described is that I have a high degree of control over how much time I spend on it and how I spend that time, so it can flex, you know? If something becomes intense, then something else goes on the back burner for a bit. Listen, I had a personal life when I was running Playboy, so for sure I have a personal life now.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that there is a man in your life. Do you want to say anything more about him?

HEFNER: We haven't been going out very long, but I would call it a very serious relationship. He's in business but has broad interests and has a fantastic young son in his 20s who's very interested in politics. That's been fun, because some of the candidates he works for are candidates I've worked for, which is kind of neat. One of the advantages of having lived some years is you know more quickly whether someone is the kind of person, in all the things that matter to you, you would be serious about.

PLAYBOY: As someone with a strong interest and sphere of influence in politics, are you optimistic about the future of this country?

HEFNER: I'm a fundamental optimist, so I'm optimistic about our politics, the planet, human relationships, business. That doesn't mean I'm not worried. There's very little this administration is doing that I don't vehemently disagree with. I was actively involved in an effort to end gerrymandering here in Illinois, and I deeply believe in ending the corrupting influence of money in politics through some form of public financing and independent drawing of electoral maps. I'm increasingly intrigued by this concept you have in California of open primaries. As depressing as the results of the election were-which, by the way, was on my birthday, thank you very much-I found it equally disturbing that more than 90 million people who could have voted didn't. But there are things that make you optimistic, the thousands of lawyers who showed up at airports the night of the first travel ban, the multi-million-dollar spike in contributions to the ACLU and Planned Parenthood and the numbers of wonderful people in elected office, such as Senator Amy Klobuchar from Minnesota.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any strong presidential candidates for 2020?

HEFNER: No, and I'm not particularly worried about that. At this point in time people didn't know Barack, Bill Clinton or Jimmy Carter either.

PLAYBOY: Accusations of sexual misconduct against director and producer Brett Ratner recently derailed a Hugh Hefner biopic project in which Jared Leto had been rumoured as a possibility to star. Do you want to see a movie made of your father's life?

HEFNER: Jared Leto has the bone structure for it, I'm very impressed with him as an actor, I'm mostly rooting for a good script. The Amazon series *American Playboy* was so good, though, I'd kind of like it to be the last chapter.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on it all, have you ever wished you'd been born to someone else?

HEFNER: No. First of all, it's the life you know. I'm not much of a "road not taken" person. I'm still encouraged to run for office, and it's one of the things I probably would have done if I hadn't gone down the path that I did. But I didn't feel burdened by it. It's been a wonderful life. ■

Anastasia

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FEBRUARY 2018

Doll

About me
My name is Anastasia and I'm 22 years old. I was born in the South of France. I was a student studying communication before I began modelling around the age of 18.

Hobbies
I like taking great care of myself. I practise boxing and fitness and I also love travelling and shopping.

Career
I would like to continue in the glamorous modelling industry and hopefully make the Playboy cover some day.

Inspiration
Angelina Jolie

My favourite quote
"Never a failure, always a lesson."

Turn-on
An enterprising and self-confident man excites me a lot.

Turn-off
Men who do nothing with their life.

Girl crush
Angelina Jolie

The perfect date
On a paradise island.

My favourite food
Sushi

My biggest fear
To be disfigured. I sometimes have nightmares about it.

[illegible] to visit
I would [illegible]

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FEBRUARY 2018

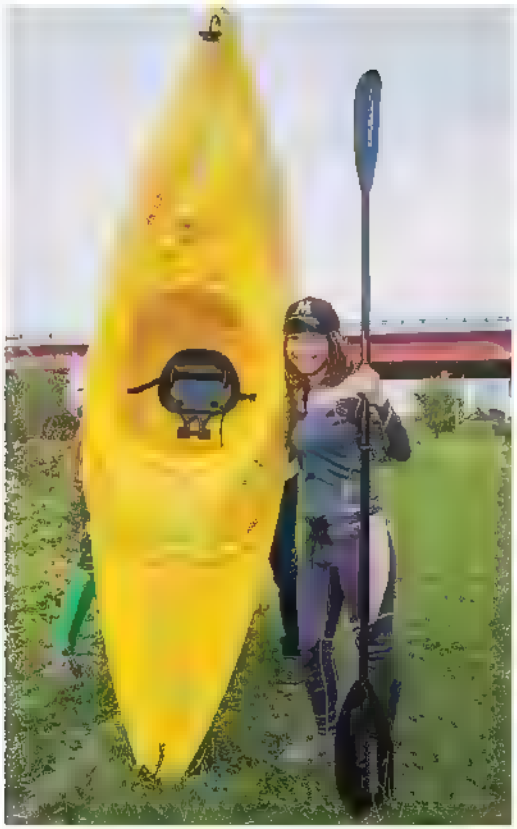
ERAVAN | 2016

YEAR IN SEX

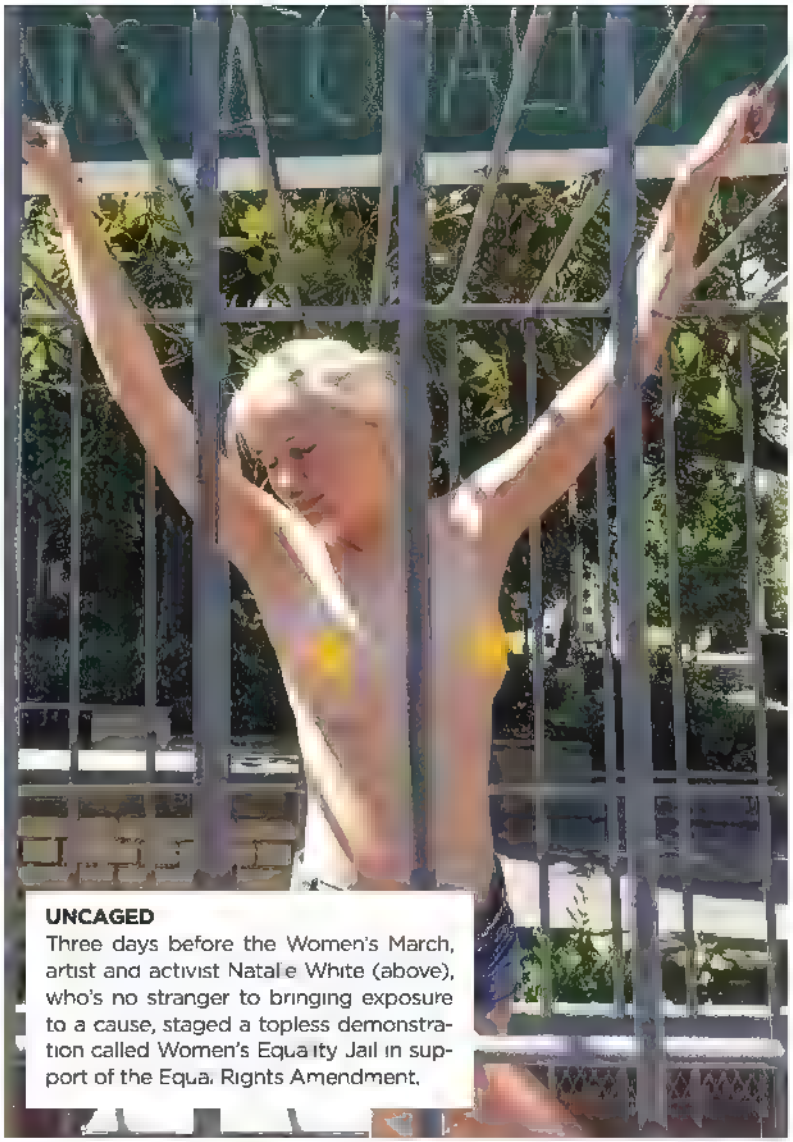
st, privacy, and preg… …ggy sexual landscape

By LIZ SUMAN & SAMANTHA SAIYAVONGSA

PUSSY POWER



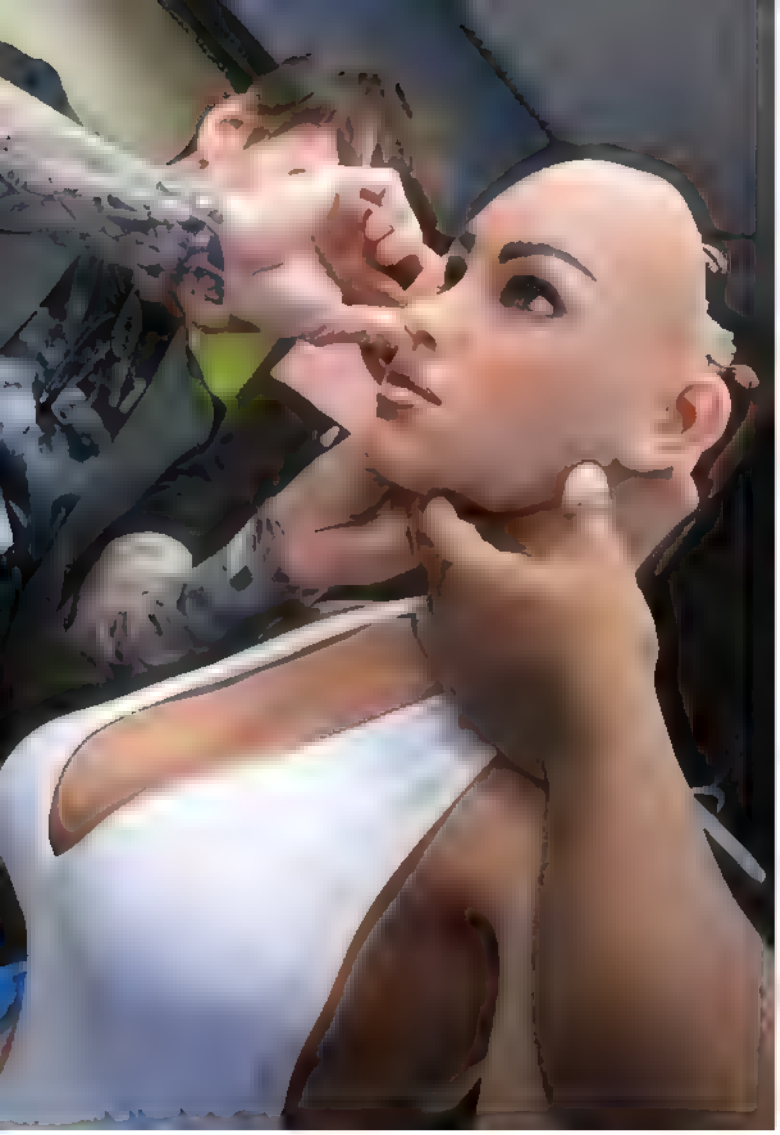
PLEASURE CRAFT
Japanese artist Megumi Igarashi spent a week in jail on obscenity charges for e-mailing 3D scans of her vulva that she'd used to build her vagina kayak. In October, Igarashi, who works under the name Rokudenashiko (loosely translated: "good-for-nothing girl") joined forces with PEN America on an initiative to protect artists from censorship and government persecution.



UNCAGED
Three days before the Women's March, artist and activist Natalie White (above), who's no stranger to bringing exposure to a cause, staged a topless demonstration called Women's Equality Jail in support of the Equal Rights Amendment.

rose mcgowan
1) @jeffbezos I told the head of your studio that HW raped me. Over & over I said it. He said it hadn't been proven. I said I was the proof.
If you've been sexually harassed or assaulted write 'me too' as a reply to this tweet.
Me too
Suggested by a friend: "If all the women who have been sexually harassed or assaulted wrote 'Me too' as a status, we might give people a sense of the magnitude of the problem."

VOICES RISING
The #MeToo hashtag exploded in response to the Weinstein charges, with more than 500 000 people tweeting their stories of harassment and abuse.



TH E DROIDS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

Nearly 50 percent of Americans bel eve sex with robots wil be common within the next 50 years One in four men said they'd consider having robot sex, wh le fewer than one in 10 women would, 52 percent of those open to bot-boinking said it's mportant that the robot resemble a human

FUTURE SEX

GET TESTED

A crop of new companies, including Mate y, myLAB Box and Private IDNA, is making it easier than ever to get tested quickly and quiet y for STDs. Order a kit on ne, send your sample to the lab and then share the results dig tal y.

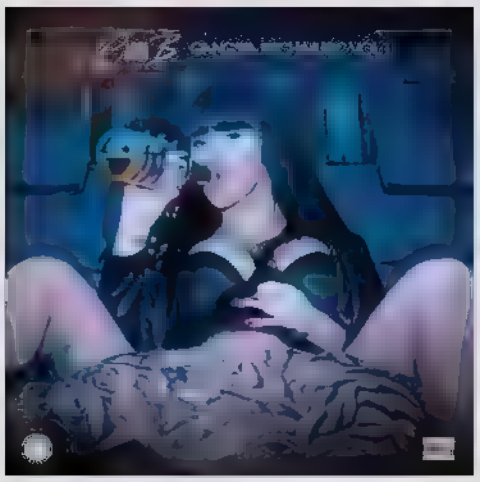
IT'S IN YOUR HANDS

Voted one of the best sex inventions of 2017, Blem is an app that aims to be a "virtual health clin c" Schedule consu tations, video chat with doctors and access results via smartphone The makers say they hope to encourage peop e to take charge of their sexual hea th

ELECTRIC LOVE

Sex researchers in Los Angeles may have found a way to deliver electrical currents to your brain to help boost or curb your sex dr ve Liberos LLC offers "brain-st m" consultations-and for a $50 donation to sex research will send you a "prototype anal probe"

PRIVACY, PLEASE



DOCU DRAMA

April saw the release of Hot Girls Wanted Turned On, the Netflix docuseries, coproduced by Rashida Jones, about sex, tech and amateur porn stars. A thought-provoking look at cam girls and sex workers, the show was criticised by two women who said one episode used footage of their Periscope feeds without their consent.

SOMEONE'S GOING DOWN

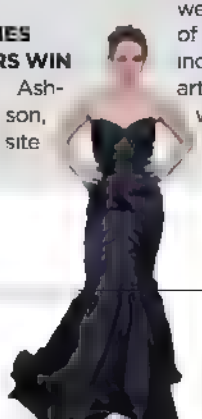
Rapper Cardi B's eye-catching album art (left), in which a heavily tattooed man buries his head between her bare legs, caught a lawsuit in October The distinctive ink apparently belongs to a man who says he never posed or gave permission for his likeness to be used; he wants $5 million for his troubles

SOMETIMES CHEATERS WIN

Users of Ashley Mad son, a dating site for married people, slapped the company with a huge class-action lawsuit in 2015 after their personal records-from financial data to sexual proc vities were leaked In July a federal judge approved an $11.2 mi ion settlement against the website.

HACK IS WHACK

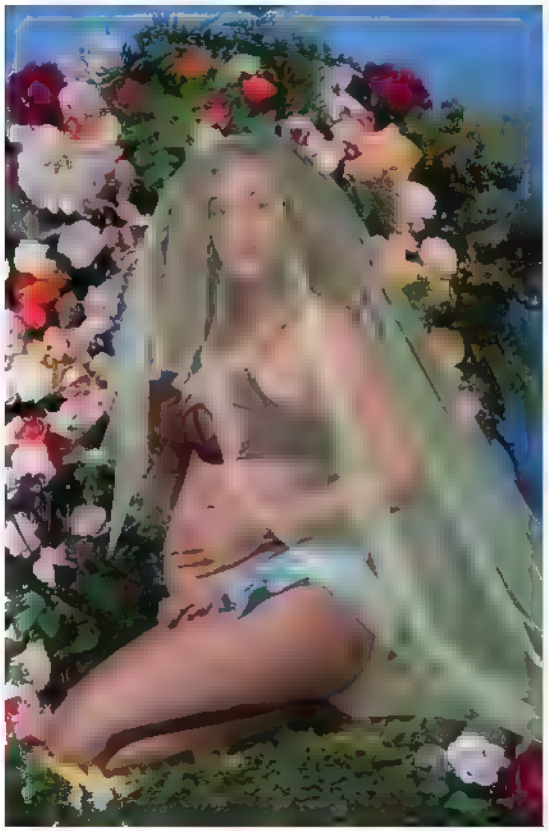
Hackers again stole private photos and videos from ma,or stars, then dumped them onto the web for all to see Some of the targeted ce ebs, including Kristen Stewart (left) and Stella Max- wel, fought back with legal act on.

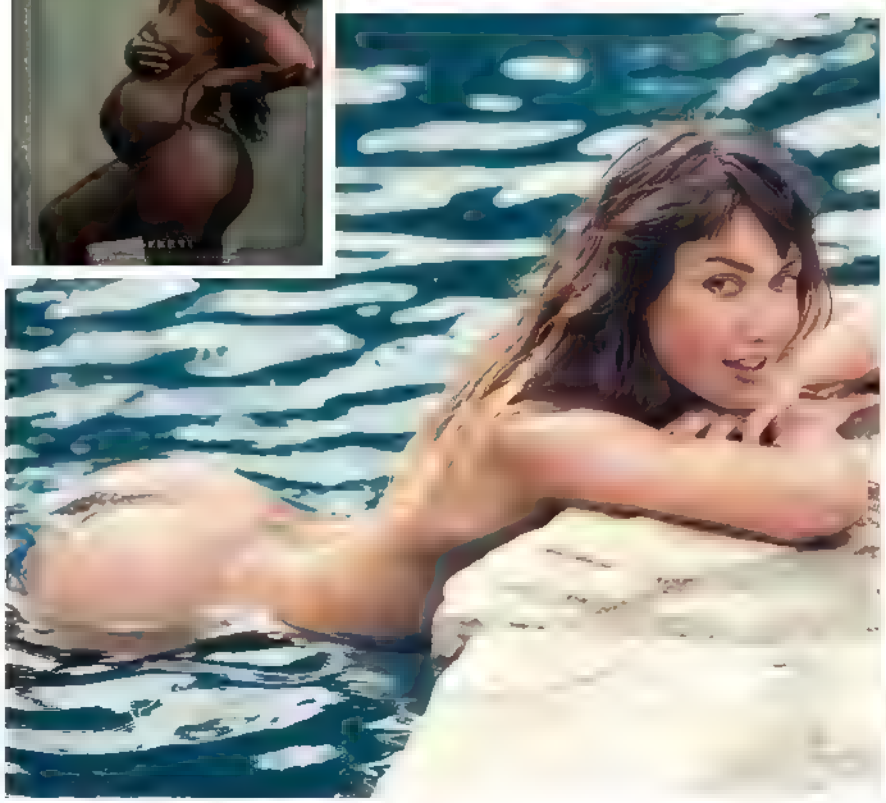


HOT MAMAS

OH, BEY-BEY
Wearing a bra and panties and little else, Beyoncé (right) made the sexiest pregnancy announcement in the history of the internet in early February.

POWER POSE
Exactly 26 years after Annie Leibovitz's portrait of a nude, pregnant Demi Moore graced the cover of Vanity Fair, Serena Williams appeared on a similar belly-baring cover (below), also captured by Leibovitz. Another beautiful reminder that maternity and sexuality are not mutually exclusive.





TRANSCENDING

A FREE WOMAN
Before exiting office, Barack Obama commuted Chelsea Manning's sentence for leaking military secrets. Manning celebrated by releasing the first photo of herself as a woman. Soon after, September's Vogue featured her in a red swimsuit.

TRANS ACTIONS
In July President Trump tweeted he'd ban transgender people in the military. The ACLU swiftly told him, "We'll see you in court." In October a federal judge blocked the ban on grounds that it was unconstitutional.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY
beauty In November model nes Rau (below) became Playboy's first trans Playmate-her second appearance in the magazine Selected shortly before Hugh Hefner's death, she called it "the most beautiful compliment I've ever received"

NEW SLANG

Five terms that pricked up our ears in 2017

HALF-NIGHT STAND
a hookup for which you don't stay the entire night.

BREADCRUMBING:
giving someone just enough attention to make them think you're interested.

HATE SHING
wearing a hat at all times to hide a bald spot, bad hair or other perceived flaw.

Ana Lorde

Photography by **GEA IMAGES** *Make-up by* **ASHLEY PEACHES** *Text by* **SAMANTHA JACK**

About me
Since I was young I've always lived life exactly how I want to. I'm a thrill seeker, animal lover, and a food enthusiast! I love art, tattoos, nature, and fine wine. I'm emotional, intense, loving and most of all a hopeless romantic.

My hobbies and interests
Fitness, fashion, make-up, cooking and baking, soccer, watching sports, shopping, long drives and traveling, concerts, dancing, and spending time with friends and family

Turn-on
Nice smile, assertiveness, goals and ambition, dominance, and passion

Turn-off
Lack of ambition, weak minded people, lack of hygiene, arrogance and narcissism

The perfect date
Working out together, ordering takeout, and curling up with a good movie.

My favourite food
Mexican food

My biggest fear
Butterflies

One destination I'd love to visit
Bali

To see more of Ana you can follow her on Instagram @ana.lorde or on Facebook @analorde

Bra: 36H

Waist: 27

Hips: 31

Height: 5'4

Weight: 130

Eye colour: Green/blue

WHAT SHE SAW
ARIEL DORFMAN

She didn't know I was watching when they roughed her up that dawn. Oh, she knew I was a conscript, wasting away my youth in that regimiento, everything in my life terrible except for our one tumultuous night together on a weekend furlough. Carmina had liked me in spite of the uniform I was wearing, hoped I would do the right thing, she said, and stay loyal to the government if there was a coup, and I had answered that I prayed to the Virgin every chance I got that I wouldn't have to make that sort of choice, promising that the next time we'd meet up I wouldn't be in military garb.

But the next time turned out to be five days later when my mates pushed her through the door of the barracks and she didn't recognise me. Or didn't want to.

She wasn't blindfolded.

Later, we blindfolded everybody, right away. The sergeant told us it was for our own good, so the prisoners couldn't ever testify as to our identity, but that wasn't the reason we covered those eyes up, I thought. I thought it was because we were ashamed of what we were doing, we didn't want to remember what those eyes were mirroring.

But that dawn in Puente Alto her eyes were wide open, looking groundward but oh so open, and yet she did not see me. Maybe everything happened too fast, maybe my image was distorted by her fear: a man across the room from her, in full military gear, the mere blur of a face, cheekbones smeared over with black grease. And a rifle with a bayonet pointed in her direction. If I had been her I would have focused on the glint of that bayonet, the raw steel, the possible thrust of that raw white steel. But I wasn't her. I was standing at a distance and remained there all the while-the slaps and kicks could not have lasted more than a minute or so-and then she was gone, hustled away to who knows what hole in hell. Without my having touched her. The hands that had explored every soft slope of her skin did not fondle her in that barracks, those hands were not mine, not my lips swearing at her, not my feet probing her midriff.

If it had gone any further, I would have intervened, of that I am sure. Or that is what I told myself then, continued to tell myself for the next four months until I saw her again, have repeated the same litany during the decades she and I have spent together. This I do not doubt: I would have stopped my mates if they had gone too far. But I was spared the need to confront them. No, no, she was the one spared. At least that dawn, in that place. Later, once she was out of my sight, I don't know, I can't know, I wasn't there. But then, that first hour after she was arrested, that first minute, something saved her. Something. Not me. That same, inexplicable something would bless other female prisoners over the following months, once in a while one of them would remind us of a sister or a mother or who knows what pinup goddess we adored, and just like that, we held back-but with her, with Carmina, my brothers in arms experienced that need for mercy for the first time, foretelling other moments of absolution that awaited them, all of us, in the future.

Because suddenly the hands and the boots and the foul words ceased, the urge to unbuckle belts and open zippers subsided, they all took a step back, affording her a miraculous circle in which to breathe, realise that she was going to survive.

Or maybe she already knew that. She was smart, my Carmina. As soon as she came into the room, before the first blow, she had already decided to keep her eyes averted-not only refusing to look at where I was standing, staring quietly, across the chasm of that vast space, but avoiding as well every soldier's hungry face and lips. She had been preparing for just such an encounter, more than we had. Like all supporters of the revolutionary government, she had trained herself as the devastation of a military takeover loomed near, been instructed by comrades on how to survive, never make your captors feel bad about what they are doing, that will only urge them on to do something worse, do not provoke them into doing something worse.

All speculation on my part.

I had then and still have now, 35 years later, all that time with her by my side, no way of knowing what went on in her head. Only if I had whispered to her when we first met again, revealed that I had been there and witnessed every blow, every curse, the miracle of a reprieve. Only if she had asked me directly or not even asked, just simply stated, I saw you there, I'm glad you did nothing, I'm glad that you did not endanger your life trying to save me when I was perfectly able to take care of myself. We both had to protect our future together, not let it get contaminated. What she never admitted. What I wanted to admit, it was the first thing I needed to do, come clean, when I knocked on the door of her father's house and she appeared, worse for the wear- a broken rib, bruised breasts, a scar on her inner thigh, a fractured wrist, nothing compared with what happened to others-but alive and with a smile that did not try to hide the tooth that had been knocked out.

I had called her house every day since her arrest. Always getting the same measured answer from her mother: Carmina was doing well, thank you very much. Yes, she would be back soon, again thanks for your interest, we will be sure to let her know you were this considerate. >>

ILLUSTRATION BY EDEL RODRIGUEZ

I wasn't going to appear at her doorstep in uniform. Not when her father, the whole family, hated the military for overthrowing the president, hated them even more for what they did to the president's followers afterward, confirmed that hatred forever when the patrol battered down their door just before dawn and carted Carmina away And never conceded, the authorities, that she had been detained, her parents and her little sister had no way of knowing if she was alive or dead until that afternoon, four months later, when she suddenly limped her way home.

I saw it as an auspicious sign, some slight benevolence from heaven, that it was the same day that my military service ended. Both of us released at the same time

So, yes, I fully intended to tell her what I had seen, what I had been unable to stop, what I would have stopped no matter the risk if things had gotten out of hand, presenting myself in the best possible light and yet not shirking my guilt, my dread, my anger, my disgust That was my plan, as God is my witness But only God is my witness-God and the band of brothers with whom I served-because she did not let me say a word, her smile was like a sweet wall, she was so radiantly happy to be breathing the same air as I was, and to see me, me and not my bayonet, me and not my helmet, me and not my camouflaged outfit, radiantly happy that I was also alive, that I had not been devoured by the same terror she had been through

All these months I never forgot your face, she said, her only acknowledgment that anything special or terrifying had befallen her- thank you, thank you for thinking of me every day, I know you were praying for me every day, I could feel it every day-and this was true, I had not forgotten her, not for one instant, our one night fighting loneliness, starving death, those soft, feverish hours under the blanket her friend had loaned her so the winter moon that streamed through the window into that back room would hide her body from my eyes that wanted to roam over each last inch of what I hoped would be mine forever She did not need me to shatter the one illusion that had kept her sane and unbroken over those months of prison in a place that she did not mention and I did not ask about

I'll confess tomorrow, now's not the right time. Except tomorrow wasn't the right time, nor the day after that one, tomorrow kept giving way to more tomorrows and once we became engaged, once

WE WERE WISE ENOUGH NOT TO LET OURSELVES BE EATEN UP BY THE CATASTROPHE.

she recovered enough to repeat and explore with me what that inaugural night had offered, once whatever was shattered in the bones and bruised on her skin started to heal, when her many muscles were ready to play and love again, once her body had forgotten her ordeal enough to enjoy my body over and over again, well, it was too late. I couldn't ruin it for her, for us

If she had cracked open the door to the past just a sliver, offered the slightest splinter of permission for me to breach the stillness. But I had to respect her decision to keep the cobweb of her memories in the dark At least that's what I convinced myself of, that's how I justified the days as they rushed by toward that wonderful morning when we married, when I was no longer wed to the army, no longer felt under orders, distancing myself ever further from those other soldiers who had pounded my Carmina and also spared her, those mates whose loyalty was all that had separated me from death if it came calling.

The balm of silence For both of us

Later, I would wonder whether it wasn't for the sake of the children we had yet to conceive but were awaiting us at the other end of the tunnel of our life and who would have vanished into nothingness, not been given a chance even to exist if she had known what I had seen, if she had not covered up what she had endured, I wondered if it wasn't for them that she turned her back on that dawn and the nights and days and dawns that followed, eluding the memory of the experience for the sake of our two sons and our darling daughter just as she had avoided my startled, confused, scared eyes as soon as she was marched into that room

Better that way

Or were we expected to throw our lives away like f#cking crabs dragged by the tide into the sea, for her to throw me into the garbage, for me to throw her into despair, throw away our one stab at happiness, was it fair to demand that we grind out our existence remote from each other forever and ever because I had been unlucky to get conscripted six months before the military coup, she had been unlucky to have a malicious neighbour who accused Carmina of revolutionary activities as a way of getting back at her parents for putting up a fence that choked off the sunlight from his squalid next-door window? Was it our fault that we had been born in this country at the asshole end of the earth?

But we were wise enough, just like the country, just like the country that kept waiting for democracy and elections to return, she and I and everybody else, we were wise enough not to let ourselves be eaten up by the catastrophe. If I were haunted, it would have been different, I'd have been forced to tell her, tell anybody, relieve myself. Like

a bladder about to burst. But I am not haunted. No ghosts, no nightmares. Not even of their faces, those boys as they blinked into the muzzles of the firing squad. True, there was no certainty my bullet had been the one to kill either of them, I had aimed to one side with the first one, a bit above his head at the second boy. It was risky, if the sergeant, let alone the lieutenant, had suspected, if all of us had done the same thing and everyone had missed and the boys left standing, intact, alive despite the hail of ammunition, pissing in their pants but alive, I would have been the one to die next. But the first one collapsed like a heap of clothes, the second one tottered for an instant that seemed everlasting, enough for a look of surprise to cross his blackening eyes-and they were dead and I was not, I survived and have been able to forget almost everything about them. I tried not to hurt them, that's the truth, and they have thanked me by not smuggling their voices into my dreams during the nights when I am most vulnerable and cannot defend myself against any fading memory. But neither do they hound my waking hours. Leaving me alone, those two boys, just like the others, everybody else who crawled through my life while I was completing my military service. Except for her. That I recall, I cannot help recalling how she stumbled into the room, her eyes to the floor where she was so soon to drop to her knees Her eyes wide open as she fell.

Does revisiting that incident, does that at least disturb me? Not really. It is like watching a film starring somebody else who has the face I used to wear, the face and body she was inhabiting at the time, not me, certainly not her. Suspended far away, as if that past belonged to a stranger, to a man who died that day and will not resurrect

Until this morning, when everything changed.

• • •

There was that insistent knock at the door Because our doorbell wasn't working and I kept postponing the need to fix it, I'll get to that tomorrow, *mi amor*, that's what I had said just yesterday to Carmina when she scolded me for being a lazybones.

Today was tomorrow and there was that knock

I opened the door

A woman was there. Older than her years, tangled hair that straggled this way and that and a bitter mouth twisted into what she probably thought was a smile, and eyes, those eyes that were the only thing on fire inside her, eyes that see through you because they have seen everything under the sun and beyond, eyes that once knew how to glow in the dark. She wanted to see Carmina.

"You know her?"

"I was with her back then."

"Back then?"

"Back then, you know what I mean, you're her husband, aren't you? Back then Four months together, back then "

I let her in

She explained that Carmina was not answering her calls, had hung up on her the last two times but that she was going to see her no matter what, come hell and high water Hell and high water, her exact words

I told her Carmina was out shopping, did not elaborate that we ran a business from our home, sandwiches for a stand down at the Mapocho bus terminal, just cheese or just ham or ham and cheese, three kinds of sandwiches, and that afternoon we needed some more bread for the next day's delivery.

"I can wait."

I offered her a cup of tea, some biscuits.

She didn't even respond with a thank you, muttered sullenly that she'd have something when Carmina came back. Which was an hour later All the while the two of us just sat, she didn't say a word and I didn't ask her anything either, that's how >>

I SURVIVED AND HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FORGET ALMOST EVERYTHING.

Nor did Carmina seem to like her. Or didn't like the fact that, despite those unanswered phone calls, the many times my wife had hung up on her, this woman had thrust herself into our lives, crossed the threshold that was not hers to cross or enter or question.

Carmina didn't even greet her with a kiss or a hug or a smile

"I already said no, Cristina. Why are you here?"

Cristina turned to me "Your wife does not want to appear before the commission. I'm hoping you will help me convince her."

"What commission?"

Carmina responded in a voice that was drained of all emotion "You know what commission. The one set up by our new government to register the citizens who suffered during the previous regime, give them compensation if their complaint proves true. The Reparations Commission."

"Oh, that one,"

The woman, for some infernal reason, kept addressing me instead of Carmina. After having ignored my presence for an hour as if I had the plague

"I've told Carmina that what she suffered during those four months entitles her to that money. Her name wouldn't even be published, nobody has to know that she testified. But it shouldn't just be about the money. Her story, every story, matters. Tell her, tell her how important it is that she do this "

For one moment that lasted longer, much longer, than it had taken that boy to look down on the spread of blood reddening his shirt, for one eternal moment, I hesitated Then I said, "You tell her", and I left the room

They were in there for a couple of hours. Or maybe it was less. Who knows how long it was?

I stayed in the kitchen, cutting the rinds off the bread, making each slice perfectly identical to the next one. Preparing the ham on one platter, the cheese on the other, making sure every sandwich would be absolutely the same as every other one, no customer should complain that they were being treated unfairly. When I was done, I went to the stove and heated up some soup from the previous day, and poured half of it into a bowl

I left the bowl steaming on my side of the table, placed another bowl, unfilled and hollow, in front of Carmina's chair Allowed the steam to subside, my food to grow cold, my spoon unused. Poured the minestrone back into the pot.

Waited.

I heard the front door opening and closing

It took Carmina a while to come into our kitchen. As if she had taken a detour, as if she had lost her way, as if she needed a map to get here.

She stood at the door, looked at me

"I can't do it."

I said nothing.

"I can't do it", she repeated the words and they did not trip on her tongue this time. "Lord knows we need the money. We could buy a car and double our deliveries."

I nodded my head, but the nod did not say yes and it did not say no

"And Victor could go to business school", Carmina went on. "And Amanda could have her braces done And a vacation, a few days by the sea would be nice." She paused. "But it's not just the money."

My mouth was dry Abruptly, my stomach growled. I hadn't tasted a bite since morning Carmina frowned, ventured farther into the kitchen, saw that my bowl was empty, the residue of the soup still clinging visibly to the inside, my spoon entirely untouched and untroubled next to me on the table. "It's not just the money", she said again

I wanted to say something, anything, but nothing came out

"Maybe it's time, Miguel But I can't

Not to a roomful of strangers." Not to a roomful of strangers. She didn't add that first she had to tell me and that was
the one thing she didn't know how to do She didn't need to say it.

Just waited for me to speak.

The silence was heavy and would not stop, the silence simply would not stop.
I had to say something
"If you could ..." I stopped. Then: "If you could, what would you tell them?"

"Everything", she said. "Everything I saw "

"All of it?"

"All of it "

She walked over to the stove, lit the gas.

"I'll warm this for you again."

"For both of us "

"Yes, for both of us."

"I'd like that", I said

I watched her stir the pot, I smelled the soup we had made just yesterday, together

"If you want to do this..." I said, my voice trailing off. Watching her beautiful hand on the wooden spoon, her beautiful wide-open eyes looking down into the pot

"Yes", she said, not looking at me

"Then first," I said, choosing each word as if it had never been said before in the history of the world, "first I have something to tell you"

"All of it?"

"Everything", I said", "Everything I saw "

She tasted the soup with pursed lips, did not burn herself, decided the brew was not quite ready

"First let's eat", she said, looking straight at
me. "Would you like to have some nice warm soup first?"

"Yes", I said

What else was I supposed to say? ■

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Studies show that 10 percent of men will forget to buy a gift for their significant others on Valentine's Day. Coincidentally, on that same day, 10 percent of women will forget how to give a blowjob without teeth

An agent called one of his clients to tell her he had an audition lined up for her. "Does the role require nudity?" the actress asked The agent said no. "Well", said the actress, "does it *permit* nudity?"

Once you've seen a woman remove her bra without taking her shirt off, you'll understand why they should be in charge of things

Heard of the hot new sex position? It's called 96, and it's a play on 69, except you lie head-to-toe facing away from each other and silently stare at the walls because one of you watched *Game of Thrones* without the other

A woman gave her puppy his first shot and quickly learned that the little guy hates Fireball.

Ladies, if you want to get an idea of how well a prospective boyfriend will treat you, take a long hard look at how he treats his wife

A juggler, a magician and a mime walk into a bar-and all the women walk out.

You know how psychologists have identified the stages of grief as disbelief, denial, negotiation and acceptance? They should make one of those stages "spontaneously getting rock-hard abs"-because, come on, you've been through a lot.

It has been demonstrated that women with graduate degrees are 30 percent more likely to engage in anal sex than women who have completed only bachelor's degrees. Be that as it may, this isn't a good excuse for hanging out at the library.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away... if you throw it hard enough

A husband and wife make a bet on Super Bowl Sunday. The husband says, "If my team wins, you have to go down on me every night for an entire month".

The wife replies, "If my team wins, you have to go down on *me* every night for an entire month"

"Regardless of who wins", says the wife's father, "I get to live the rest of my life having heard that "

Another scientific study shows that only 57 percent of women orgasm while having sex but scientists who are married to unsatisfied wives swear that number is much lower

Look out for some new signage at airport arrivals. Next to courtesy shuttle, every 10 minutes, the new ones say, rudeness shuttle, whenever it goddamn feels like it

I was conceived on the carpet in my older sister's bedroom, which is something she still holds over me. I really wish she'd get rid of that carpet

When someone says there's no such thing as a stupid question it's usually because someone just asked a stupid question.

Our new neighbours are urban chicken farmers", says your girlfriend as she calmly checks Zillow to see what kind of price you can get for your house

Nurse. Where can I find some scrubs? target employee: I don't know-I guess hanging out the passenger side of his best friend's ride, trying to holler at me

Ever get that feeling, on a weekday morning about 15 minutes into your commute, that your girlfriend is still talking to you through the bathroom door?

The hacker who stole my Equifax information just sent me $20 with a note saying, "Hope this helps. Hang in there".

Two old friends were sitting on their favorite park bench on a Sunday afternoon, mulling over their sex lives.

"My wife gives me blow jobs like she cooks my steak," said the first

"Well done?" asked his friend

"No, rare."

"You think that's bad, last night my wife and I tried anal," said the friend

"How was it?"

"It's not all it's cracked up to be "

CILLIAN MURPHY

Deranged hijacker, Batman villain, apocalypse survivor—if that's how you think of this striking Irish actor, he politely asks that you take another look

by **DEVON MALONEY**

Q1: *You're known for avoiding the Hollywood spotlight in favour of the peace and quiet of your home in Dublin. Was that attitude instilled in you, or did you just not like the way celebrity felt when you first experienced it?*

MURPHY: The concept of Hollywood has always been strange to me. I've never lived in Los Angeles. It's always been, you go to work, and then you come home, and home life is just this normality. And when I'm not working I have very little to do with "the industry". They're two separate entities for me. It's always been that way.

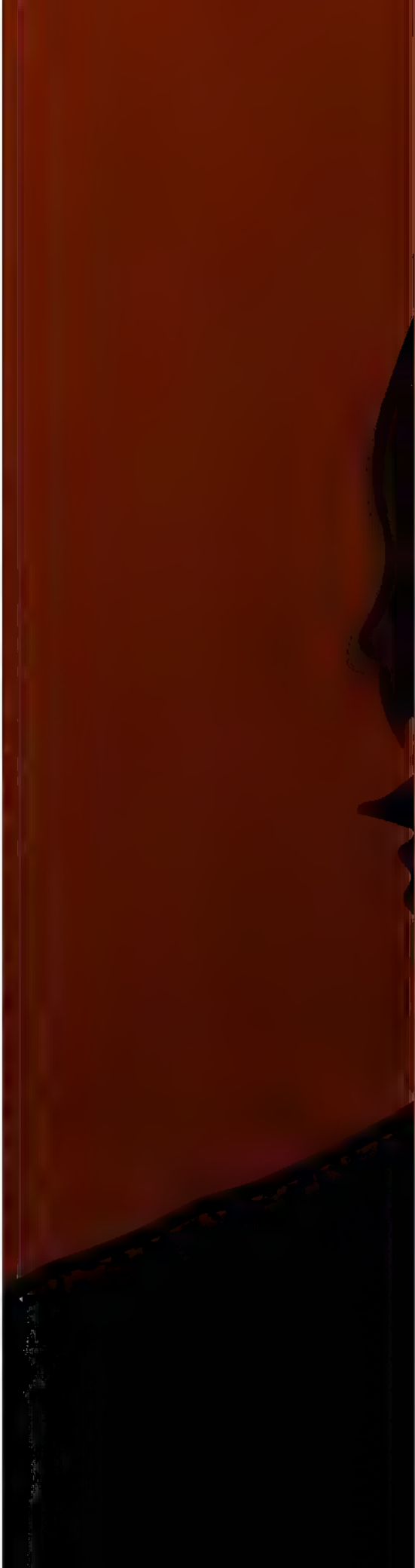
Q2: *You went to law school before you got into acting. What inspired that choice, and what drove you away?*

MURPHY: I'm the eldest of four kids, and we come from a long line of pedagogues, so the academic route was strongly encouraged. At the time, I thought it could be interesting. There were hardly any lectures, so you could go away and do a lot of work by yourself. But I realised very quickly that it's not a creative world at all. Law is all about precedent, so you're always looking backward, regurgitating cases. It was just the wrong choice for me, but making a mi step like that can actually be more revelatory than anything, because you very quickly realised what you don't like.

Q3: *Is it true that as a teenager you played in a Frank Zappa–inspired band, the Sons of Mr Green Genes?*

MURPHY: Yeah. My brothers and I really liked him. We saw some concert he did on the BBC late at night, we had never heard of him before. The process of discovery was very slow in the pre-internet days, but you felt as though you were unearthing gold when you discovered those records. So yeah, he appealed to us in many ways: his sense of humour, how cynical he was about everything. Compared with hardcore aficionados I'm probably very fair-weather. He made something like 150 albums, and some of them I find unnecessarily dense, but there are 10 or 12 that, at that time, blew our minds.

Q4: *Do you still get together with your brothers and jam?*



MURPHY: No one really has time for that, but at weddings or family gatherings or boys' weekends, the instruments come out. There will always be some drunken jams.

Q5: *Your show Peaky Blinders is returning to Netflix, and several more big-name musicians have done covers of the theme song "Red Right Hand", including Iggy Pop and Laura Marling. If you could pick any artist, living or dead, to cover the song, who would it be?*

MURPHY: I'm a huge music nerd, so it still really tickles me that somewhere in the world these musicians have actually had to sit down and watch the show. It's humbling. But it would be pretty extraordinary to hear Jeff Buckley do a version of the song. No one has had a voice like his since or before, so that would be kind of magical.

Q6: *You sort of backed into screen acting through music and theatre, right?*

MURPHY: Yeah. It was initially music and then theatre, and then I slowly got into film, then television. Theatre is still very important for me. It was never my burning ambition to be on the silver screen. It was a desire to perform- that was clear to me from a very young age. The medium was secondary.

Q7: *Was there a moment in your performing career when you decided to commit to film and television acting?*

MURPHY: No; it came gradually. I'd been doing theatre for about four or five years, touring plays around Ireland. Then I got an agent who said, "Look, there's this part in a short film. Do you want to audition for it?" So you go, "Well, that sounds interesting." You get a part in a short film, then a few months later it's this tiny part in a feature film, and do you want to audition for that? So you audition for that, and you get it. And then they say, "There's a slightly bigger part...."

Q8: *But you could just as easily have said no to each of those opportunities. You had to at least have had some curiosity to try out those things, right?*

MURPHY: Yes, exactly. And that word is really important: curiosity. I think that has been my main drive-like, "Wow, wouldn't theatre be interesting to try?" Then that led to the next thing.

Q9: *You've declined to be part of the Peaky Blinders musical currently in development. Do you draw the line at musical theatre?*

MURPHY: I actually think the musical is such a bizarre idea, it could work. [Peaky Blinders creator] Steve Knight is an incredibly inventive man as a writer and as an entrepreneur and original thinker. But for various reasons, it wouldn't work for me. I have a limited range as a singer, and professional musical-theatre actors? They work. Eight shows a week, singing those songs-it's relentless. I admire them tremendously, but I could never do that.

Q10: *Isn't filming a season of Peaky Blinders pretty full-on?*

MURPHY: Yeah. It's a four-month shoot, and it takes about five or six weeks to limber up into the character. So it's about a five-month commitment, then there's generally about 18 months in between each series, because Steve has to go write it, and then it's a logistical nightmare getting everybody back together.

Q11: You say it takes time to settle into your character, the Birmingham gang leader Tommy Shelby. What does that involve for you?

MURPHY: You can't be fooled into thinking you can just wake up and step back into a character; you really have to work at it. A friend of mine likes to call it conditioning. I genuinely don't share anything with Tommy Shelby-not one bit of DNA. Every year Steve really pushes the character into strange places and unfamiliar territory. I have to readjust my way of thinking, because the way Tommy reacts to situations is completely the opposite of how I would react. There's also the physicality of him and the way he carries himself, his physical energy. I also need to spend time refreshing the accent and making that feel authentic. He's a decorated soldier, and he commands incredible respect-God, I'm sort of intimidated by him. I'm not that, you know? But I love going that distance with the characters.

Q12: *The show takes several significant leaps in time, and in this new season we see that Tommy and his family are even going a little grey. Do those jumps make playing the role more challenging for you?*

MURPHY: Well, that's the beauty of these long-form dramas... you mature with the characters. We decided this season to give Tommy some glasses, because he's a middle-aged man now. All the violence and physical brutality have taken their toll. But I like that you can see the characters mature and carry the burdens of the kind of lives they live, both mentally and physically.

Q13: *What do you think makes a script worth taking on?*

MURPHY: I mean, every part is a gamble, because film and television are the most collaborative of all art forms-there are so many people involved. But for me there are several criteria. It has to be good on the page. It has to read well, it has to be compelling, and you have to want to get to the end of the story in one sitting. And then it has to represent something different, something that you haven't explored before. Then it needs to have a good director attached. If any one of those things isn't present, you just can never tell. That's the exciting but also occasionally frustrating thing about being an actor: You give your best work, and then you hand it over, and it's up to the editor and the director and the distribution company and the marketing company and everybody else to make it. You take a leap of faith every time, but as long as you can tick off some of the boxes before you engage, then you should be at least part of the way there.

Q14: *Was there ever a particular project that surprised you in terms of the risk you took and what came out of it?*

MURPHY: Oh, gosh, I don't really know. I tend to do a part and move on. I don't really think about things retrospectively, really.

Q15: *That was the problem with law school, right?*

MURPHY: Well, yes. That's also why Tommy Shelby is strange- because I keep coming back to him. I've never had that experience before, except in theatre, I suppose, if you do a second run of a show or something. You do the part, and then it's on to the next thing. You don't really think

I'M INTERESTED IN WHAT PRESSURE DOES TO THE HUMAN PSYCHE AND TO THE HUMAN CONDITION.

about the work again, other than hopefully learning something from it.

Q16: You have made your career playing some really intense characters-including the terrorist Jackson Rippner in Red Eye and the Dark Knight trilogy's Scarecrow-and you don't appear to be anything like those characters in real life. Is that a balance you maintain, as though each of these parts of your life provides a catharsis for the other?

MURPHY: First of all, I would kind of take issue with that. I've played two villains in my career; one of them happened to be in a big franchise. Again, I hate looking back, but look at my characters in The Wind That Shakes the Barley, Breakfast on Pluto, The Party, Broken. I think that shows a wide range of characters, some intense, some introverted and withdrawn. A lot of the characters I've played onstage are actually quite gentle and soft. When I said earlier that I look for something challenging or different, I would be contradicting myself if I were playing the same types of characters all the time. I think that's a problem that happens a lot with journalism, trying to reduce a career to "That's that guy". It only takes a little bit of further inspection to see that's actually not the case. Having said that, I'm interested in what pressure does to completely normal characters who have normal lives, and in what pressure does to the human psyche and to the human condition.

Q17: What would be in store for you next, if you could pick? Do you have any bucket-list projects?

MURPHY: I don't, really. I've enjoyed the experience of long-form television, and eventually Peaky Blinders will come to an end. I like the idea of finding some other television project that could offer me a different challenge. I'm also going back to theatre this year to do a play with my longtime collaborator, the playwright Enda Walsh. But I don't think any actor would be able to answer that question. It's so unpredictable, and the vagaries of getting a film financed are so complicated-a film can be just about to happen and then collapse in front of you, or you can suddenly get offered a part you've never heard of and the film's ready to go. My whole career has been completely haphazard, you know?

Q18: Does that mean actors have to be built for that unpredictability?

MURPHY: Yeah, I think all actors need to be inclined that way. You have to get used to things not working out, to being patient. That was something I wasn't very good at when I was younger.

Q19: So if you could go back in time and give your younger self advice you've learned over the past couple of decades, would patience be part of it?

MURPHY: Yeah. Also, it's such a privilege to actually be working in an industry where there are far too many actors and not enough jobs. That's a vital lesson. Then, every job you take, whether it succeeds or fails, whether you have a good time or a bad time, you can learn something from it. I don't always get to that place, but as I get older I really think that's important.

Q20: For a while after Red Eye came out people would freak out when you sat next to them on planes. Does that still happen?

MURPHY: No. Movies come and go and disappear; they're sort of ephemeral, transitory. So yeah, there was a while back in 2006 when people would say, "Oh, F#cking, God". [laughs] But that time has long since passed. ■

SENATOR FLAKE VS. THE NEW NORMAL

A closer look at the Republican statesman who dropped out of the race to protest his own party's leader-and the forces that led him to that precipitous moment on the Senate floor

BY **BRIAN J KAREM**

Taped to the refrigerator in the house Jeff Flake grew up in was a three-by-five-inch card smeared with baking residue. As described in his 2017 book, *Conscience of a Conservative*, the card read, "Assume the best. Look for the good."

"I wish everyone lived by that", the Arizona senator says, smiling, "but the best I can do is to try and live it myself". We're talking outside the Senate two weeks after he took the floor to announce he would not be running for re-election this year — a speech that made waves worldwide for its frank denouncements of a "new normal" in American politics, defined in the speech as "the accommodation of a new and undesirable order." Asked if he believes the current leadership might ever embrace the fridge wisdom of Flake's youth, he is sanguine; he shakes his head and keeps the smile. "As I said, I wish everyone lived by that. I am so thankful my parents gave me this as a creed and I've passed it on to my children."

Folksy moments like these aside, Senator Flake can be hard to pin down. He's often reluctant to speak with people he doesn't know, but reporters who cover the Senate regularly say he can become quite loquacious as he walks the halls of the Capitol. He looks like a Hollywood leading man, but with his nose bent slightly askew, he also has an everyman charm that attracts voters. And though he's been elected several times to the House of Representatives, starting in 2000, and once to the Senate, he has not always been popular.

A staunch conservative — and, many would say, an enemy to some key liberal causes — Senator Flake is also a vocal supporter of sane and welcoming immigration policy. A devout Mormon, he spoke at the Islamic Center of the North East Valley in Scottsdale, Arizona in late 2015. His tone brought to mind Barack Obama more than any other recent leader.

"It is well known by those in this room but certainly underappreciated around the country that Muslim Americans have fought and died alongside Christians, Jews and others in every war our nation has fought since the Revolution, including most recently in Iraq and Afghanistan", he said. His speech even took on a personal perspective: "Muslims make the pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. The Mormon hajj is to our holy temple. Because, like Muslims, Mormons do not drink alcohol, our trip to the temple is usually followed by a stop at Dairy Queen. Ice cream is about all we Mormons have. I'm not sure if there's a corollary for Muslims."

Flake stood out in the early days of Donald Trump's campaign for opposing immigration restriction — the infamous "wall" being one of the early components of the Trump stump speech. "When re-evaluating immigration policy, it is right to give priority, through a point system or otherwise, to those who have skills and abilities unique to the new economy", Flake wrote in an August 2017 op-ed for *The New York Times*. "But there must always be a place in America for those whose only initial credentials are a strong back and an eagerness to use it."

When it comes to guns, Flake gets an A grade from the NRA, which endorsed his Senate run. Still, he has been known to skew leftward on gun control — with first-hand experience of a mass shooting to back up his arguments. He was present the day House Majority Whip Steve Scalise was shot on a baseball diamond in Alexandria, Virginia last June.

"It was horrifying", Flake says. "You hear the bullets and see your friends running for safety. You know you're not safe. I can't describe it adequately, but no one should have to go through

ILLUSTRATION BY EVGENY PARFENOV

that. No one." Since then, Flake has echoed calls for stricter laws in the wake of the shootings in Las Vegas and Texas.

And while Flake has often voted in line with President Trump — some 91 percent of the time, according to Democratic National Committee Chairman Tom Perez — he has apparently come to believe that opposing the President is more important than enacting legislation upon which both men agree.

His conservative bona fides have never been in question. The American Conservative Union rates him at 93 percent, Freedom Works at 95 percent — his worst marks among those given by six of the top conservative and limited-government organisations. Americans for Prosperity gives him a 97 percent rating. The National Taxpayers Union grades him an A.

The family portrait on his website resembles a lightly updated version of Happy Days, and his critics often accuse him of espousing a 1950s view of America that no longer exists, if it ever did in the first place. But regardless of his stance on issues, few doubted his sincerity when he stood on the floor of the Senate and announced he wouldn't run.

House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi tells Playboy she wasn't all that surprised by Flake's decision. "It took a lot of courage", she says. "But I remember him taking on earmark legislation when he was in the House. We gave him what we called 'the Flake Hour' and he would go after earmarks. Oftentimes nothing happened, but he took it on earnestly."

Flake often broached the discretionary spending of his colleagues' funds provided to help specific causes and special interests by circumventing the normal legislative process. He even took on earmarks in a piece of Pelosi legislation. "I told you he had courage", she says with a laugh. "He's very true to himself. You always know where you stand with him."

In that light, Flake's mercurial nature looks less like political flip-flopping and more like the work of a man who, whether you agree with him or not, genuinely prizes old-fashioned integrity over the party line.

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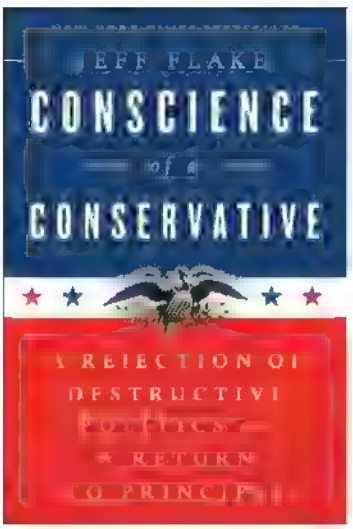
"I AM VERY HAPPY WITH MY WORK IN THE SENATE, BUT IT DOESN'T DEFINE WHO I AM."



The book that launched Flake onto the world stage

Self-sacrifice and hard work, family and church have always been staples of Flake's life. Born in Snowflake, Arizona, a town partially named for his great-great-grandfather, Flake grew up working on the family cattle ranch. "Believe me", he says, "if you live on a cattle ranch, then you work".

Flake admits it was a cloistered existence. "Just to let you know how sheltered I was, not until I went away to college did I find out flake was a funny term", he says. "Nobody made fun of Flakes in Snowflake."

At an early age he also acquainted himself with the value of learning things the hard way. As recalled in his autobiography, he lost the tip of his right index finger at the age of five while working on a machine used to rake freshly mown alfalfa into rows. "Yeah", he says, "I lost part of a finger. But I was young. I laugh about it now."

Considered by most who know him as a man of genuine affection, he is the married father of five children. "I am very happy with my work in the Senate", he says, "but it doesn't define who I am. My top memories are of family, personal relationships and church". He has been called a poster boy for his religion and has served as a missionary in Africa. A staunch conservative who opposes abortion and gay marriage and who has served as Executive Director of the Goldwater Institute, he seemed a natural and important ally for Donald Trump. But Flake didn't see Trump as a saviour of the conservative movement; he saw him as a fake, a liar and a used-car salesman who threatened not only the GOP but the entire country — a bully who substituted bombast for political skills. Flake's criticisms often made him sound like the senators across the aisle, but Flake dismisses any suggestion that he's switching sides.

"I just speak my mind", he says with a smile.

"The thing about Jeff", one Hill staffer says, "he doesn't like to make deals with the devil. He believes what he believes. And he doesn't believe in putting the party ahead of the country."

"It's more important to me that I can sleep with myself and face my children", Flake says.

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Senator Flake's full complexity came glinting through during his Senate-floor speech, as well

as in the giddy moments before and after. That day he presented himself as both canny and earnest — and possibly the closest thing we have to a politician who can coax the political temperament away from the brink and back toward the middle.

Flake walked slowly toward the US Senate from his nearby office in the Russell building. His Kirk Douglas–worthy chin led the way, and his dark blue suit followed. Reporters who caught him going into the Capitol knew he was scheduled to speak, but no one, with the exception of a very few of his closest aides and family members, knew what the Arizona Senator with the piercing blue eyes would say that day.

Several reporters shouted questions to that effect as he strode to the Capitol. He smiled. "Wait and see", he said. He brushed his hands through his hair as he walked the halls. He did nothing to give away the gravity of the speech or the passion he would show on the floor of the Senate. Less than an hour later, he walked out of the Capitol holding his wife Cheryl's hand and making his way through the many reporters trying to corner him.

"The guy just changed the world", one of them said.

On the floor, Senator Flake had recited a laundry list of Trump's worst habits without once saying his name: "the personal attacks, the threats against principles, freedoms and institutions, and the flagrant disregard for truth and decency, the reckless provocations, most often for the pettiest and most personal reasons, reasons having nothing whatsoever to do with the fortunes of the people that we have been elected to serve."

He upbraided the President for pushing policy via Twitter, and he pushed back at the GOP, arguing that the party was splintering and becoming irrelevant. "It is clear at this moment that a traditional conservative, who believes in limited government and free markets, who is devoted to free trade, who is pro-immigration, has a narrower and narrower path to nomination in the Republican Party, the party that has so long defined itself by its belief in those things. It's also clear to me for the moment that we have given in or given up on the core principles in favour of a more viscerally satisfying anger and resentment."

Taking care to avoid alienating the President's base, he added, "To be clear, the anger and resentment that the people feel at the royal mess that we've created are justified, but anger and resentment are not a governing philosophy".

As *Independent Journal Review* reporter Haley Byrd tweeted following his speech, Flake received a standing ovation from Republican senators Mitch McConnell, Bob Corker, John Barrasso and Todd Young. The speech also brought cheers from Democrats including senators Chris Coons, Tim Kaine, Maggie Hassan and Jeff Merkley. Fellow Arizona Senator John McCain later praised the speech at a press gaggle. "I have seen Jeff Flake stand up for what he believes in knowing full well that there would be a political price to pay. I have seen him stand up for his family. I've seen him stand up for his forebears.. When Flake's service to this country is reviewed, it will be one of honour, of brilliance and patriotism and love of country."

Adversary and ally: Donald Trump and Senator Bob Corker on the campaign trail in 2016

Predictably, the speech struck a nerve with Trump, who tweeted out at least three jabs. He suggested that Flake was a weak Senator and couldn't win even if he did run. Flake, in a reflective moment a week after his announcement, replied that while the President may have had a point, the real reason is far greater. "We used to be able to run on policies. Now it's all about the President and if you support him and I'm not going to condone his behaviour."

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While no one can say how he or she will come across in future history books, or even if those books will record their efforts at all, Flake staked his claim on the floor of the Senate for things that have apparently disappeared from the American body politic: spirited debate without rancor, and honor before party.

"We were not made great as a country by indulging or even exalting our worst impulses, turning against ourselves, glorying in the things which divide us and calling fake things true and true things fake," Flake said.

The senator's immediate future is either unknown or a closely guarded secret, but there's a sense that the gloves are off. On the day several women came forward to accuse GOP senate nominee Roy Moore of sexual harassment, Flake renewed his fight against the "moral rot" some have described inside the Republican Party. "No.

No, No," he told a group of cameras and reporters in the basement of the Russell Senate Office building when asked if he would ever support Moore. "He should not continue his campaign." Flake wanted the man, who is now endorsed by President Trump, to step down. Another quiet attack on the new normal.

As he strode through the halls of the U.S. Capitol following his October speech, he looked like a man at peace with himself — a man who'd gotten it off his chest and was resigned to an uncertain future but hopeful he'd played a part in shaping it.

Republicans who espouse the old-world view of conservatism see Flake as a vital player in the realignment the party is undergoing; others, who see the outgoing senator as Tea Party before the Tea Party was cool, say they don't want Flake involved in the GOP going forward. The bottom line is that Flake will have as much input as he wants.

Some have encouraged him to run for president, but he laughs off that suggestion. "One man sent me a check for $20.20 and said I should run for president," he says. "I'm not going to cash the check, but I appreciate it. After all, with a name like Flake, you can only rise so high in national politics." ■

IMAGE: THEDAILYBEAST.COM

Courtney Willett
DAVID FILLION

Hobbies and interests
Fitness, health, travelling I'm an adrenaline junkie!

My goals and career ambitions
Going back to school to become a Medical Aesthetician To travel the world and become a well-known model

Who inspires me
Jenna Renee

My favourite quote
"What doesn't kil, you only makes you stronger."

Turn-on
Kissing my neck... I love it when a guy takes charge and I feel my skin on his lips. Also, it's an instant turn-on when he grabs my butt.

Turn off
When a man cries

The perfect date
With the right person I can have fun anywhere! But I love adventure or something spontaneous

My girl crush
Jessica Alba

My favourite food
Poutine

My biggest fear
That people I love will leave me

One destination I'd love to visit
Bali

I'm not embarrassed to say
I have made a lot of mistakes in the past and definitely learned the hard way!

To see more of Courtney you can follow her journey on Instagram @Willettxo

Bra: 32DD

Waist: 69cm

Hips: 86cm

Height: 16m

Weight: 54kg

Eye Colour: Hazel

Playboy Advisor

Columnist Bridget Phetasy on how not to be a f#ckboy. Plus: advice for lovers sparring over politics; the upside of a celibate girlfriend

Q: *I may be the only man ever to admit this to the Playboy Advisor, but I'm not a football fan. The problem is I'm dating a Cheesehead. Football is her life, from playing in a fantasy league to Super Bowl partying. I've attended games with her but still feel alienated from the culture — and from her when she talks to other men about football. If I exclude myself, will she hold it against me or, worse, leave me for a Cheesehead?*

A: You're not the first guy to admit he doesn't like football, and there's no shame in that preference. That said, I too am a die-hard football fan, and though I'll happily date a man who doesn't share my passion, I don't know if I could commit to him long-term. Even if he roots for an opposing team, game watching is something I want to share with my partner. Romantic bonding over sports is common; consider how many couples meet in a sports bar, at a tailgate party or in line for overpriced beer and nachos. Dating a person with different interests can be beneficial to both the relationship and your personal growth, but I can't say whether you can completely exclude yourself from the billion-dollar Church of Football without her eventually holding it against you. So instead of asking me, ask her, "Is it a problem that I don't share your passion for football?" If the answer is yes, ask her why she loves the sport. Maybe she can help you discover an interest you didn't know you had. But if you don't start the conversation soon, she might leave you for someone in her fantasy football league — or worse, a Vikings fan.

Q: *My girlfriend has been hinting that she wants me to buy her a Botox session for her birthday, but I don't think she needs it. More important, I don't like the idea of her getting Botox. We live in Los Angeles, USA, so it might be my city's obsession with looking young and being fake that turns me off. Should I grit my teeth and just buy it for her because it will make her happy?*

A: It's awesome you don't think she needs Botox, and I hope you tell her that. The fact that you love and accept her for exactly who she is is priceless. And I can appreciate why you don't like the idea of Botox: It's expensive; once you start, you can't stop; and it is literally a bacterial toxin. It sounds almost like heroin. But let's take a broader view. For one thing, Botox, which pulls in about $2 billion in annual revenue, is actually popular across the US. Miami, Salt Lake City and Austin rank as some of the biggest cities for plastic surgery and cosmetic procedures. Soccer moms in suburbs all over America are throwing Botox-and-wine parties. And if someone wants to do something to make themselves feel younger or better, who are we to judge? If they want a breast augmentation, a nose job or a spray tan, that's entirely their prerogative. Your lady has probably invested in gifts she felt you didn't necessarily *need* but knew you wanted. Maybe she got you the latest *Call of Duty* game — or a July 1968 edition of PLAYBOY. Moral of the story: If it makes her happy, man up.

Q: *The new year has arrived, and finding love after taking a year off from online dating is on my list of resolutions. During my hiatus I dropped 9 kilograms and got a promotion, so all that's missing is the right woman to celebrate my good fortune with. But I feel rusty. Most women don't like to chat for too long before being asked out. How can I get to know a girl through only a few questions without her losing interest before I set up a first date? What red flags should I look for on a profile?*

A: I'm currently writing a book that will answer questions like yours, so I'll do my best with the *CliffsNotes*. In terms of starting a conversation, lead with something witty that shows you've read her profile. Follow up with a sincere compliment; flattery will get you everywhere. The best way to get a first date is to ask if she's interested in something that interests you (old movies, hiking, bowling). If she says yes, that's your cue to ask her out. Red flags depend on the individual. If 90 percent of her profile pictures show her with alcohol, she might have a problem. But if 90 percent of *your* profile references liquor, you'll probably be great drinking buddies (and recovery buddies too). Phrases such as *not looking for anything serious* aren't ideal. Some more generic warning signs: No bio? No bueno. The lack of effort reveals laziness or entitlement. An overuse of emojis signals she's childish. Grammar errors drive me nuts, but I'm a writer. "Follow me on Instagram!" might as well read "I'm a narcissist!" She wants followers, not intimacy. Finally, Snapchat animal filters? Run away.

Q: *When my girlfriend and I became official, we agreed to keep the relationship open. I have since "cashed in" about six times, and she has only once. She insists that it's fine and that open relationships are about trust — but I'm starting to feel guilty. It's hard to enjoy the freedom when I feel she's not participating as much as I am. Will these feelings pass?*

A: You're not doing anything wrong, and you have no reason to feel guilty — unless you're lying to me (and her). An open relationship, especially your first, comes with growing pains. We're so conditioned to want monogamy that it's natural for you to feel guilty for "cashing in" more than she has. These feelings should subside, but there's no timetable. I'm not suggesting you start sleeping with more people, but if your girlfriend is cool with it, stop robbing yourself of the joy and freedom of consensual non-monogamy. People are wired differently; to your girlfriend, her one time may be the equivalent of your six times (unless she's lying about the number of times she's cashed in). If your guilty feelings don't pass, then you should stop sleeping with other people, because guess what: You're truly not okay with being in an open relationship. There's no shame in admitting you're old school.

Q: *I borrowed my boyfriend's iPad, and — surprise! — he hadn't cleared his search history. That led to my obsessively examining his porn-viewing habits. The good news is I didn't find anything that made me uncomfortable. We joke a lot about watching porn when the other isn't around, but I'd like to explore watching together. Have you ever brought this up with a lover?*

A: Is the pope Catholic? I love watching porn with a man, and I highly recommend it, not only to instigate sexy times but also to get a window into each other's deeper sexual yearnings. Realise, though, that you may learn things about your partner that you can't unknow. A few tips for beginners: Let the woman choose what you watch the first time. Don't let adult-film stars make you feel insecure — it's their job to have huge penises or fantastic-looking vaginas, bleached assholes and loud, over-the-top orgasms. And keep in mind that it's okay to spend more time critiquing the film set's throw pillows than fixating on the actress's double-Ds. Finally, a tip for women readers: Never say, "Oh my God. I've never seen one that big in my life!" Just think it.

Q: *I have a question about lube. My friend takes it personally when a woman reaches for it during sex. He thinks her insufficient wetness is some kind of biological commentary on his performance. What does science say?*

A: I don't need science to tell your friend what I already know: A woman's wetness is not wholly based on her partner's performance. He shouldn't take the blame — or the credit. Like a man's ejaculate, a woman's wetness can vary day to day, hour to hour. It depends on many factors beyond her level of arousal — factors like hormones, time of cycle, mood, medications and genetics. I've become inexplicably wet for men who are bad for me, yet a good man I really like may not have the same effect. Scientists are still working to understand the exact physiology, but the vagina wants what the vagina wants. It's not logical. Tell your friend to stop taking it personally and to pick up some Astroglide. Questions? E-mail advisor@playboy.com.

Coming to (Mid)Terms

With both US political parties fighting themselves even as they take aim at each other, it's shaping up to be another gonzo election year. Here's what you need to know

By **JONATHAN TASINI**

Every American mid-term election is a referendum on the party holding the White House, but this year's cycle will be unusual for one reason: Civil wars are tearing at both parties, especially the one currently controlling all three branches.

With President Donald Trump polling at historically low numbers, you'd think Democrats would have a golden opportunity to seize the Senate, where Republicans have a 52-48 majority, and an outside shot at recapturing the House, where the GOP enjoys a 241-194 edge. Some observers are forecasting a "wave" election, when voters break at the last minute toward one party, handing it a larger-than-expected victory. The post-Watergate 1974 mid-term election saw Democrats net 49 House seats; in 1994 Republicans netted 54 House seats, making Newt Gingrich Speaker of the House.

But before any lefties get too excited, keep in mind that the Senate map actually favours Republicans. Just nine Republican seats are in play; of the seven incumbents up for re-election, only one, Nevada's Dean Heller, appears to be an attractive Democratic Party target. Democratic incumbents, on the other hand, are defending seats in 10 states Trump captured in 2016, including five — Indiana, Montana, Missouri, North Dakota and West Virginia — that he won by double-digit margins.

For their part, House Republicans have to defend many districts claimed by Hillary Clinton, including up to half a dozen seats in California — a state she won with 61.5 percent, racking up a 4.3 million–vote margin over Trump. And in 18 of the last 20 mid-term elections, the party holding the White House has sustained an average loss of 33 House seats.

Two caveats throw those calculations up in the air. First, in the House, incumbents usually cruise to re-election because gerrymandering has made only a handful of seats competitive — perhaps as few as 30. Second, intraparty wars are muddying the political waters. The Republican combatants are a varied lot: In one foxhole sit those who, though they vote down the line with the party on policy, are suddenly waking up to the bellicose and often unhinged conduct of the Chief Executive. That wing is most notably represented in the Senate by Bob Corker and Jeff Flake — two incumbents who decided not to seek re-election because of their conflicts with Trump — and to a lesser extent by Susan Collins and John McCain. Flake's retirement could put that seat in play.

A more rebellious wing, mixing a murky brew of conservatism and white nationalism, is mustering elsewhere on the battlefield, declaring war on, as they see it, the Mitch McConnell "establishment". Led by self-styled "populists" like Steve Bannon and financed by shadowy figures like billionaire Robert Mercer, that wing is mounting primary challenges to Senate Republican incumbents.

What will become of these extremist wild cards? Last September saw the Bannon-favoured Roy Moore win a cranky primary in Alabama, defeating McConnell's (and, oddly enough, Trump's) choice, incumbent Luther Strange. If more Republicans like Moore — who has deeply bigoted views and at press time is facing accusations of sexual misconduct from five women — emerge as general-election candidates, they could lose, following the example of Todd Akin, whose theories about "legitimate rape" cost him the Missouri US Senate election in 2012. Then again, if ever there were an environment where Moore's ideology could flourish, it's the one created by the current administration.

The infighting among Democrats is relatively muted, if not resolved. In the days after Election Day 2016, the party was apparently headed for trench warfare between the Clinton establishment and the ascendant progressive wing led by Bernie Sanders. Today, the party is in dire need of a shake-up. In the past decade, despite winning the White House twice in 2008 and 2012, it has lost more than 900 state legislative seats.

But Donald Trump's election — his mix of erratic behaviour and deeply conservative gambits around health care and taxes — has put that fight on hold. To be sure, a few primary contests are in the offing, most notably a progressive Democratic challenge to California Senator Dianne Feinstein. But most Democrats seem willing to bury the hatchet until after the mid-terms, when they must begin the contentious process of choosing the party's 2020 nominee.

And let's not forget the gubernatorial battles. Republicans currently occupy 34 out of 50 governors' mansions, including everyone in the South. But with Trump's unpopularity, we could see as many as six contests favouring the Democrats, along with scores of legislative seats. That's significant because, circling back to the gerrymandering issue, governors and state legislatures control the once-every-decade redrawing of the congressional maps. Whoever runs state politics after the 2020 census will be in a strong position to define the outlines of federal power for the following decade.

After the 2016 election, the political-prognosticating business should have withered. So perhaps the best guidepost to guessing election outcomes is to follow that contest's twisted logic: The victorious party might once again be the most effective "the system is broken" messenger— even if those delivering that message are funded by the same corporate donors and elites who broke the system in the first place.

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